



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

# FEATURE

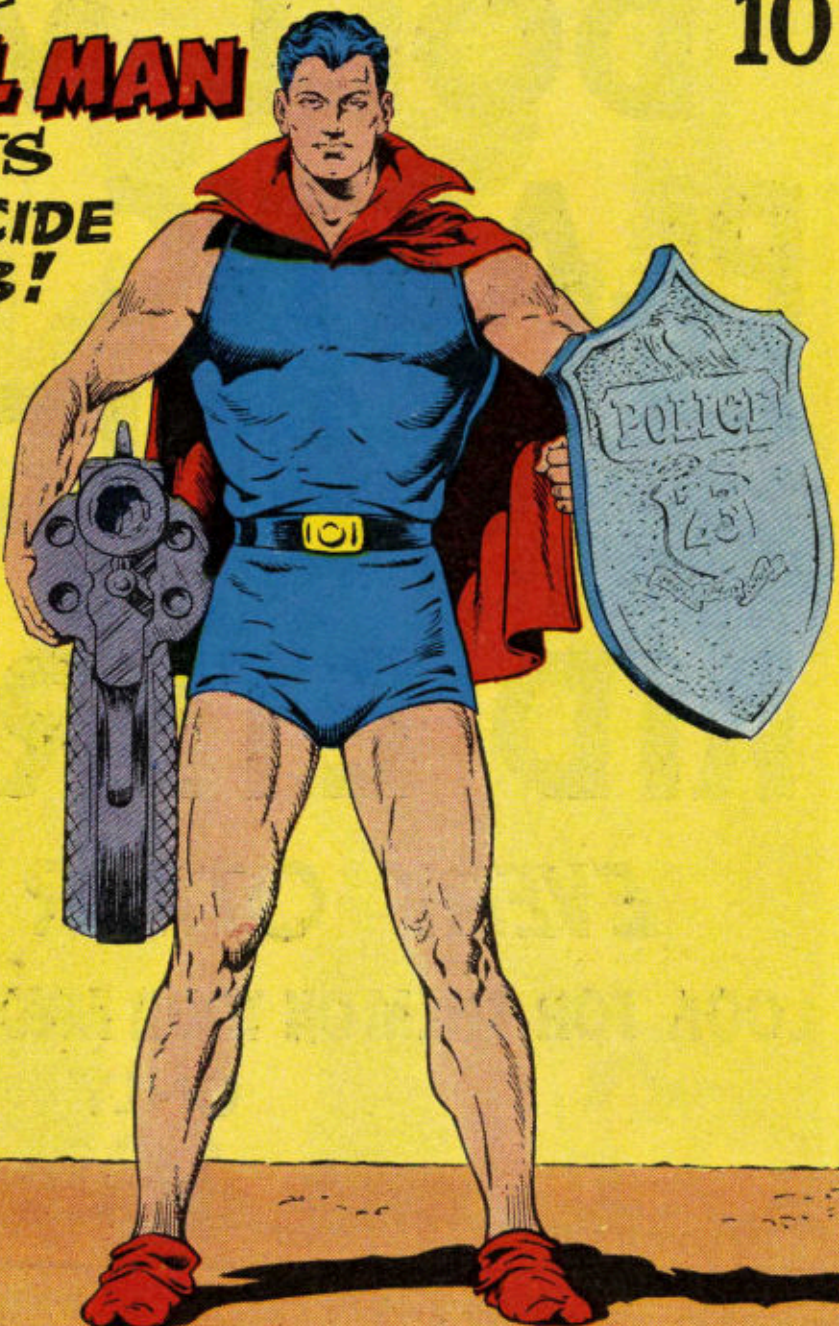
COMICS

SM  
★  
5  
QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

MAY No.122

10¢

*The*  
**DOLL MAN**  
JOINS  
THE SUICIDE  
CLUB!



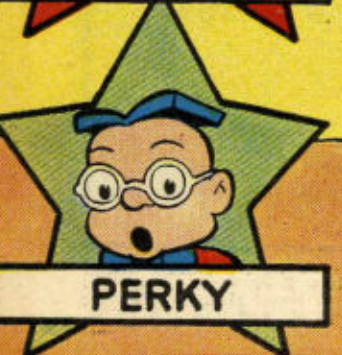
BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# QUALITY

*NOW GIVES YOU*

## BLACKHAWK

## DOLL MAN

## PLASTIC MAN

## CANDY

*and*

## KID ETERNITY

*EVERY OTHER MONTH*

**LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**

**ONLY**

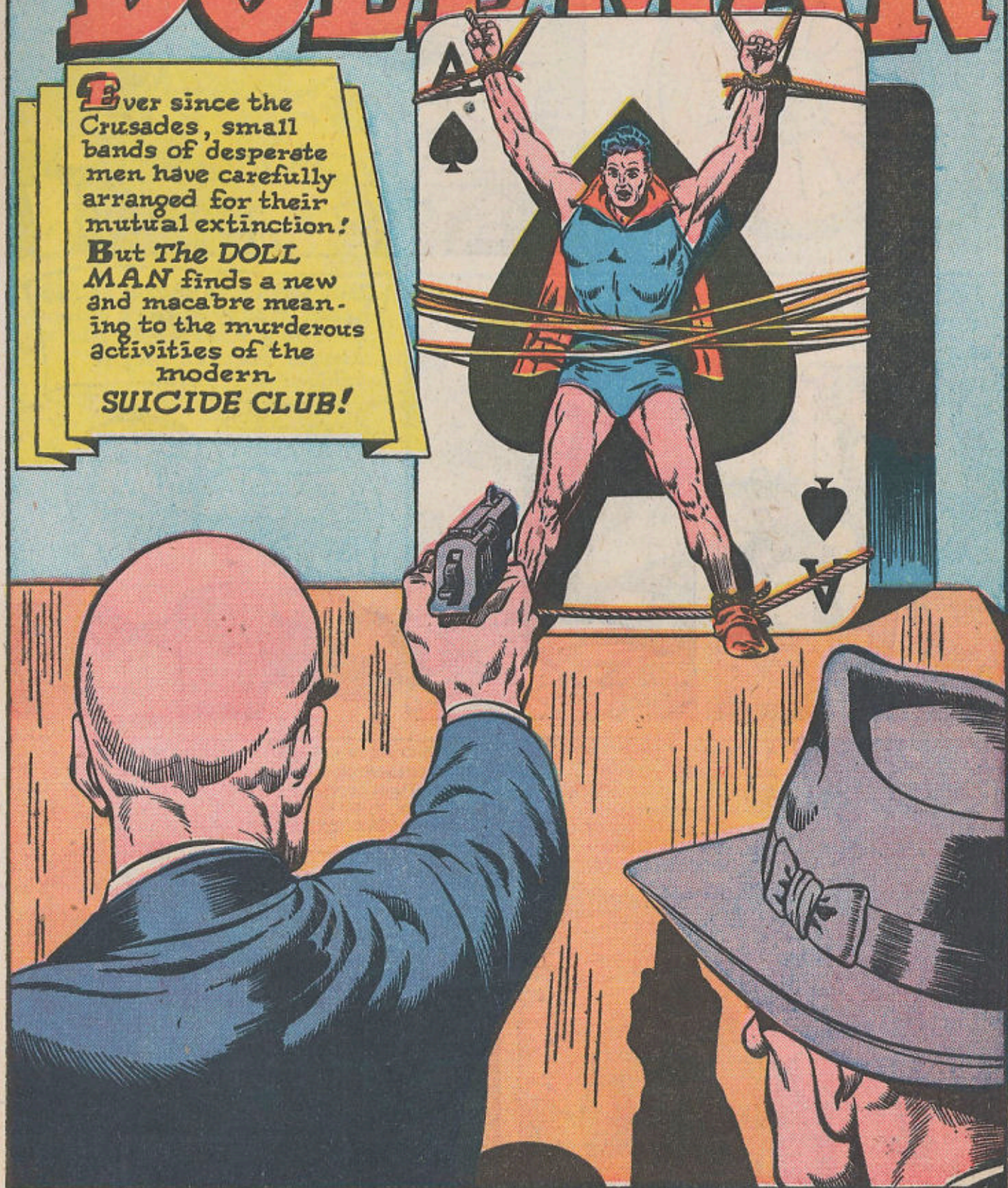
**10¢**

FEATURE COMICS, May, 1948, No. 122. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.



# The DOLL MAN

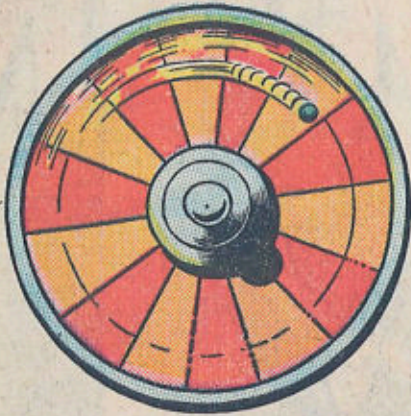
**E**ver since the Crusades, small bands of desperate men have carefully arranged for their mutual extinction! But **The DOLL MAN** finds a new and macabre meaning to the murderous activities of the modern **SUICIDE CLUB!**





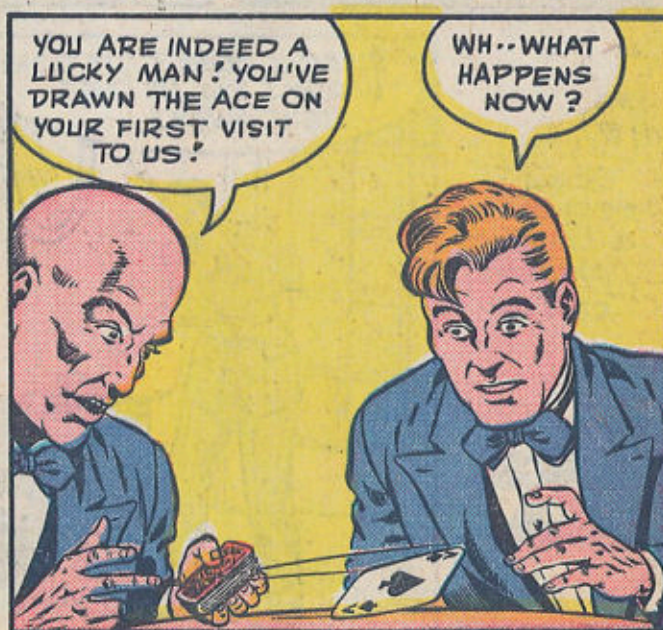
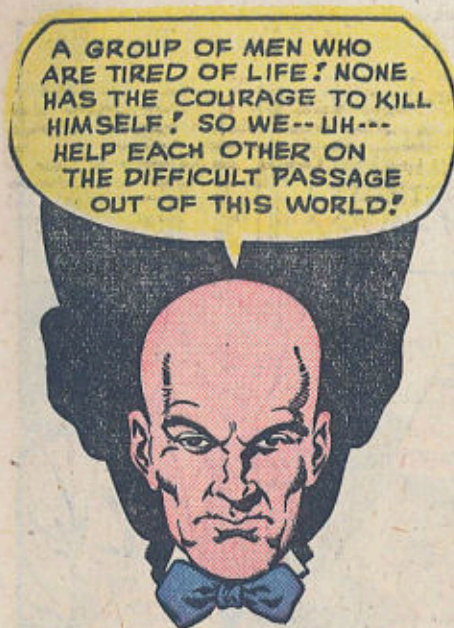
FEATURE COMICS

In the swift whirl of a roulette wheel, fortunes are won and lost... the destinies of human lives are decided....





# FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

NOTHING SUDDEN OR VIOLENT, I ASSURE YOU! AFTER WE DISPOSE OF A FEW SIMPLE DETAILS, YOU CAN GO! SOONER OR LATER YOU WILL HEAR FROM US --- AND WE WILL BRING YOU A RELEASE FROM SUFFERING!



A few days later, at Harry Payne's apartment....

A TELEGRAM FROM MY UNCLE! HE'S ILL AND WANTS ME TO RETURN HOME AT ONCE! I'M TO TAKE OVER HIS BUSINESS!



IT'S A CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF! I'LL MAKE GOOD THIS TIME --- WORK HARD--- AND---WHAT'S THAT?



THE ACE OF SPADES! IT--IT'S A WARNING FROM THE SUICIDE CLUB! THEY'RE GOING TO VISIT ME SOON!



THEY CAN'T KILL ME NOW! I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! I--I KNOW SOMEONE WHO'LL HELP ME... MY FRIEND DARREL DANE!



SUICIDE CLUB? SIT TIGHT, HARRY! I'LL BE OVER RIGHT AWAY!

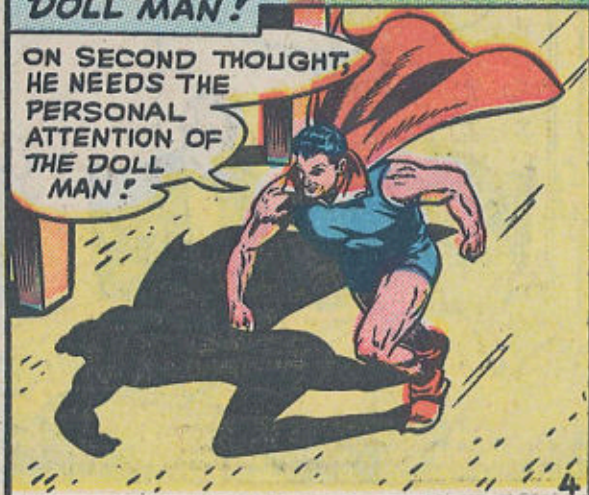


**D**arrel Dane receives a frantic phone call...



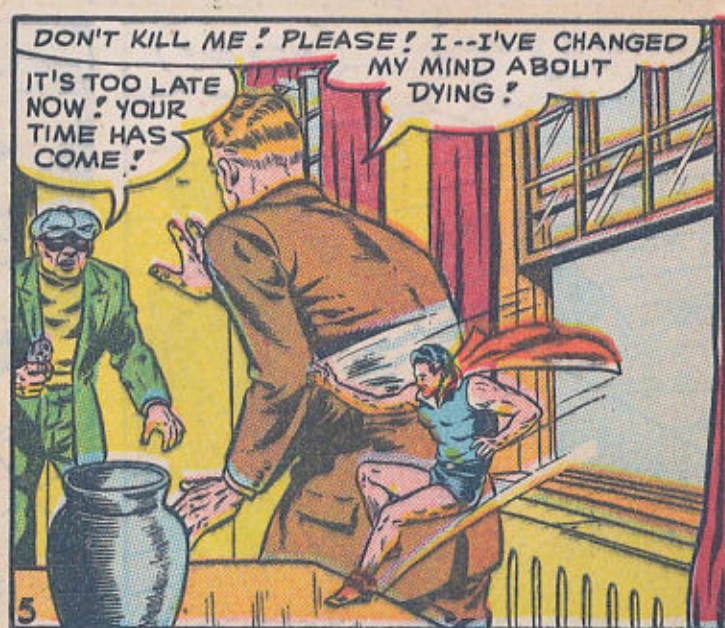
By an effort of will, Darrel Dane condenses his body to the form of the dynamic **DOLL MAN!**

ON SECOND THOUGHT, HE NEEDS THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF THE DOLL MAN!

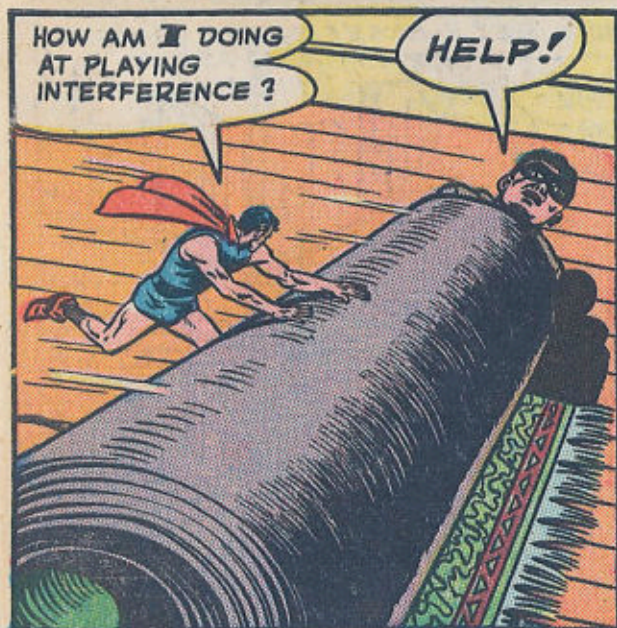
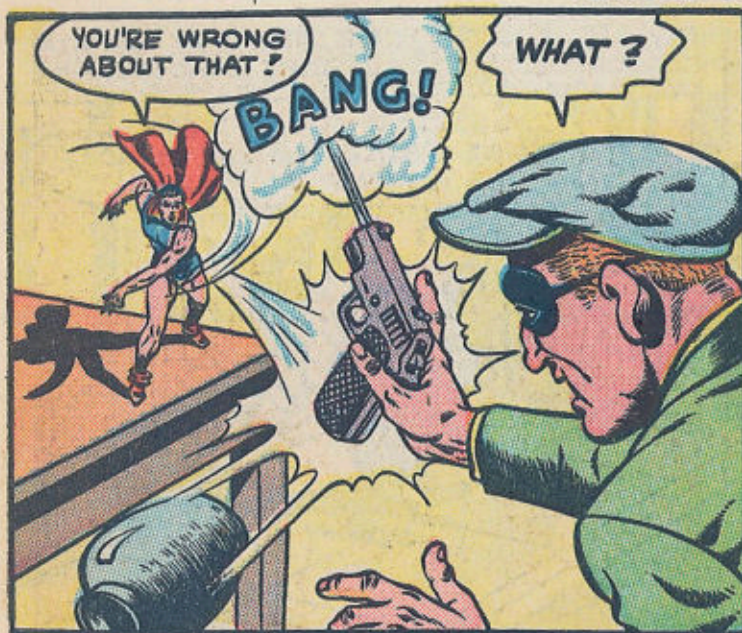




FEATURE COMICS

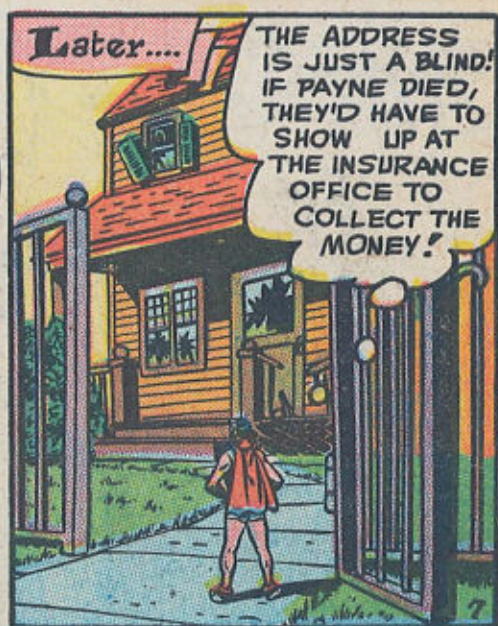
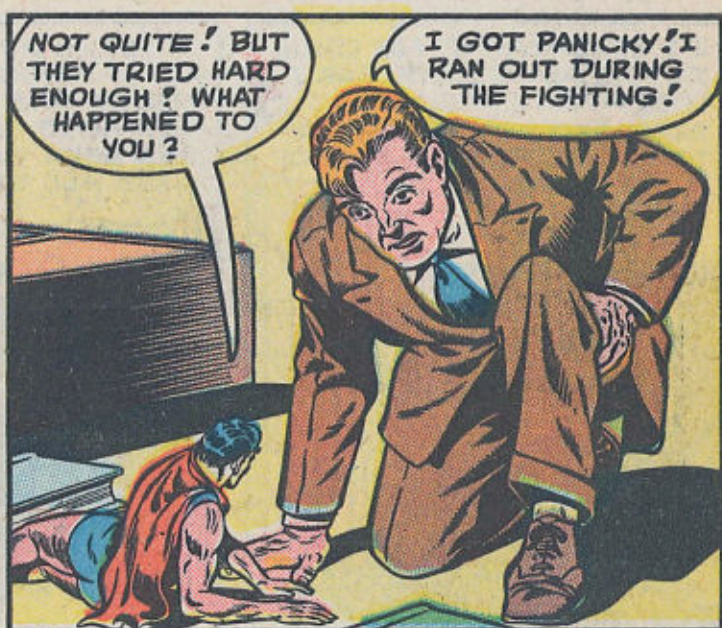








FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE SUICIDE CLUB! DARREL DANE MUST CULTIVATE A LIKING FOR ROULETTE...



Day after day, Darrel Dane haunts the gaming tables...



SORRY, MR. DANE! YOU LOSE AGAIN!

WHAT ROTTEN LUCK!

IF I WERE PLAYING FOR CASH, I'D FEEL AS DEJECTED AS I LOOK! FORTUNATELY I ARRANGED WITH THE OWNER TO LET ME PLAY THE ROLE OF A BIG LOSER... WITHOUT SUFFERING THE CONSEQUENCES!



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MY ACT IS PAYING OFF! THAT FELLOW FITS THE DESCRIPTION PAYNE GAVE ME! AND HE'S BEEN WATCHING ME LOSE ALL EVENING!



NOW'S THE TIME TO FIND OUT!



WHY KILL YOURSELF? THINK OF THE NOTORIETY—THE GRIEF OF YOUR LOVED ONES...

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU? LEAVE ME ALONE!



LET'S BE PRACTICAL, THEN! I CAN SAVE YOU FROM THE DISGRACE OF SUICIDE!

I DON'T WANT TO BE SAVED! LIFE MEANS NOTHING TO ME!





FEATURE COMICS

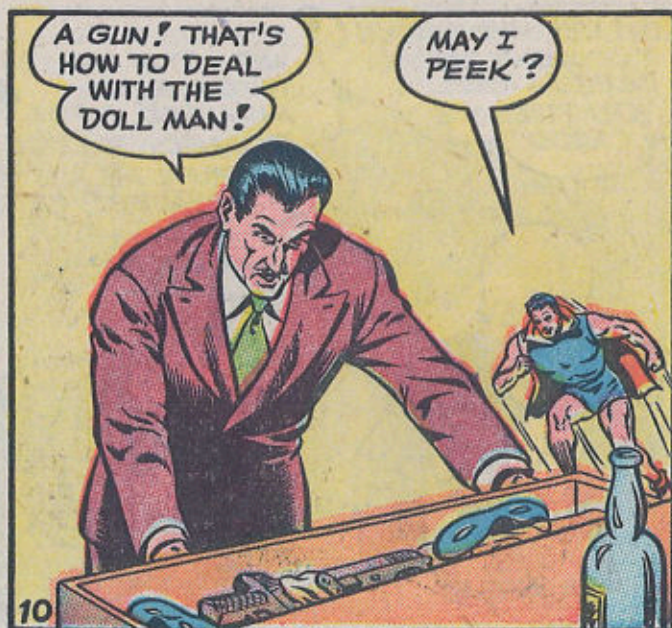
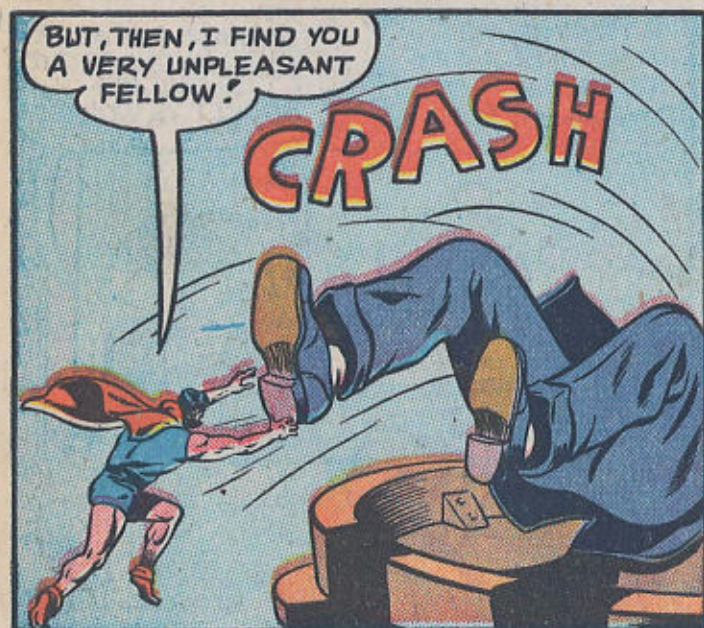
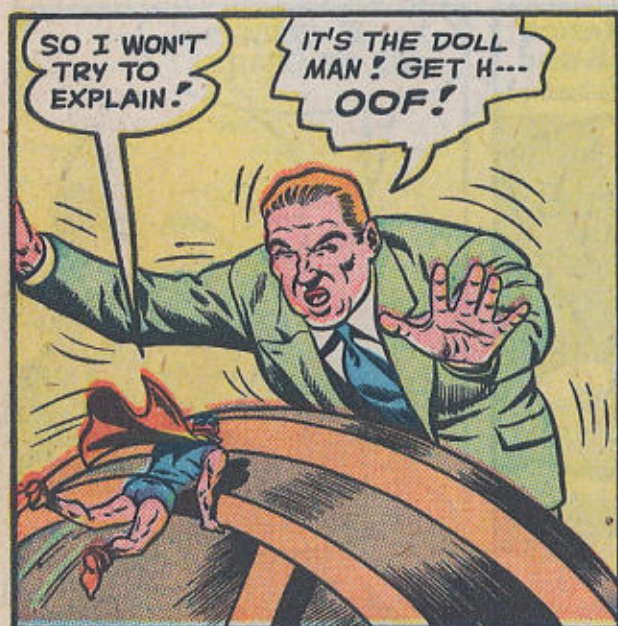


And soon the Suicide Club receives a new member into the fold...



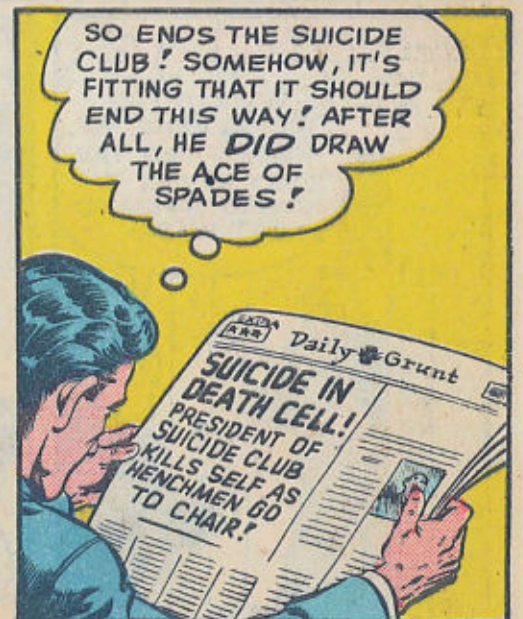
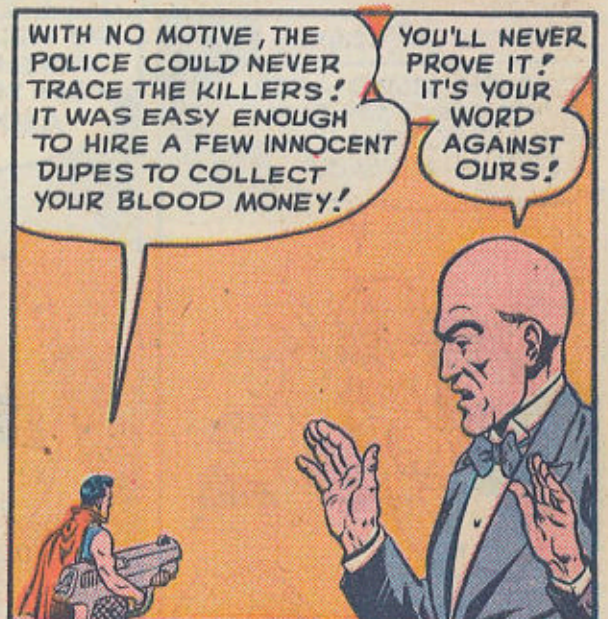
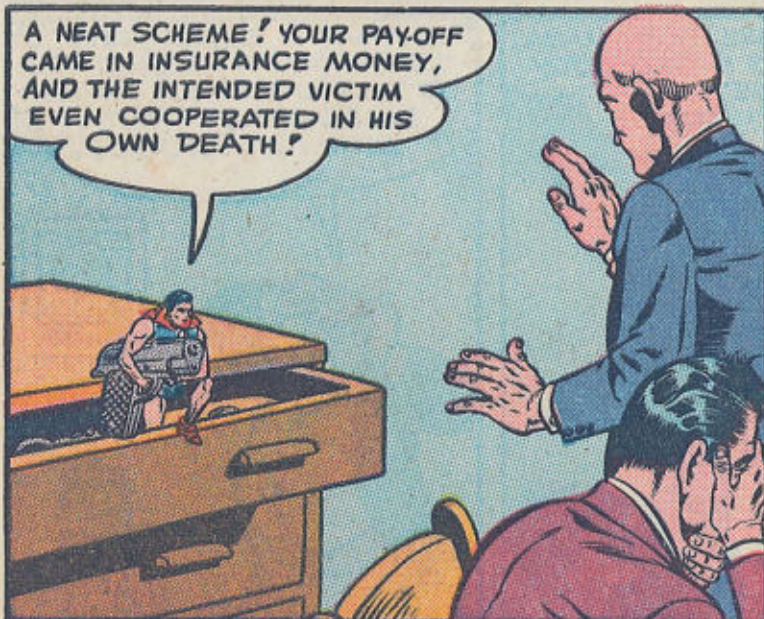
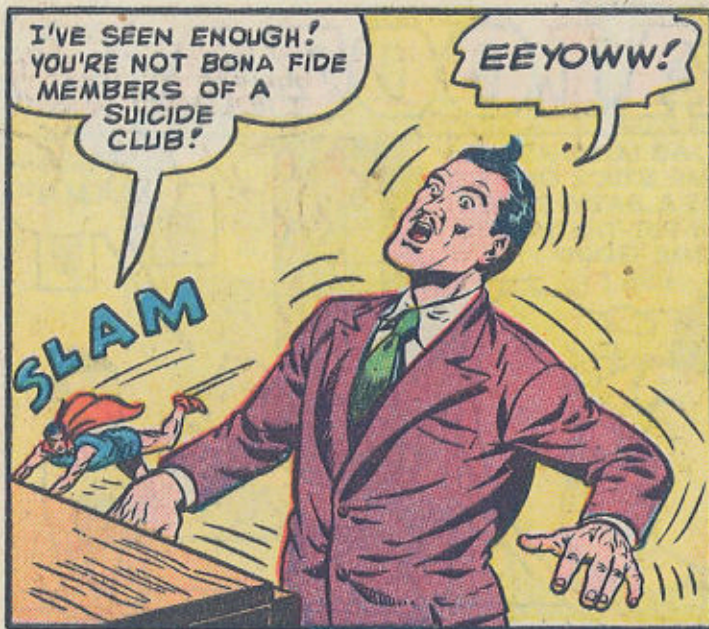


FEATURE COMICS

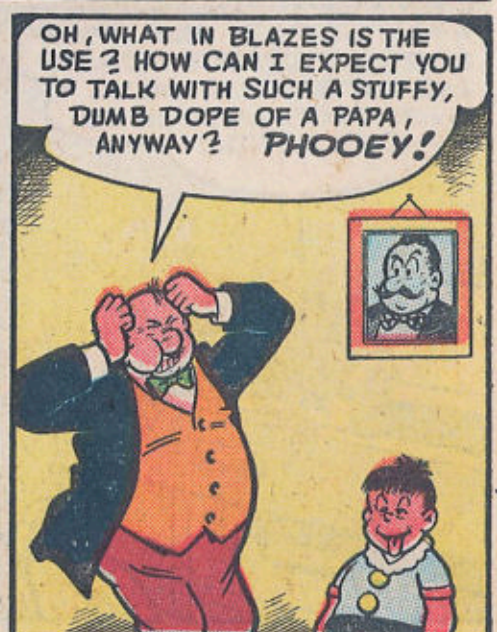




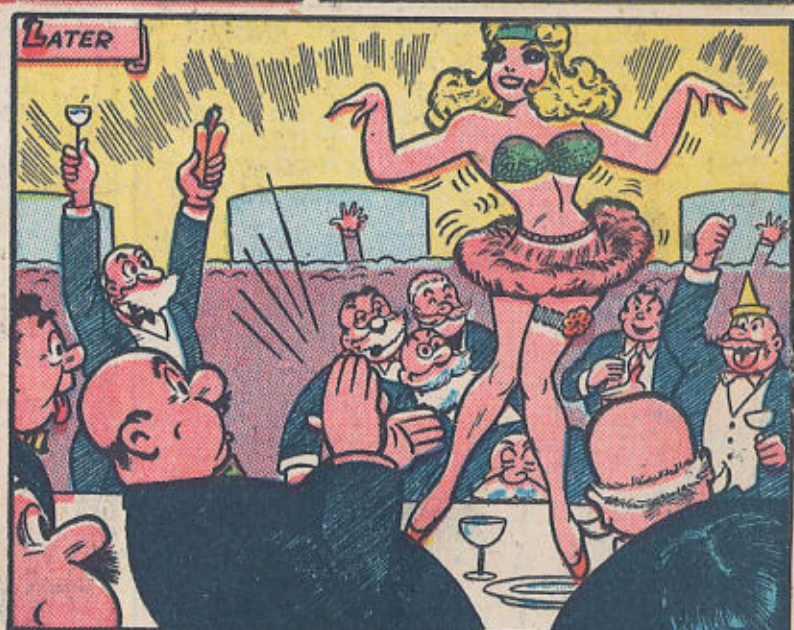
FEATURE COMICS



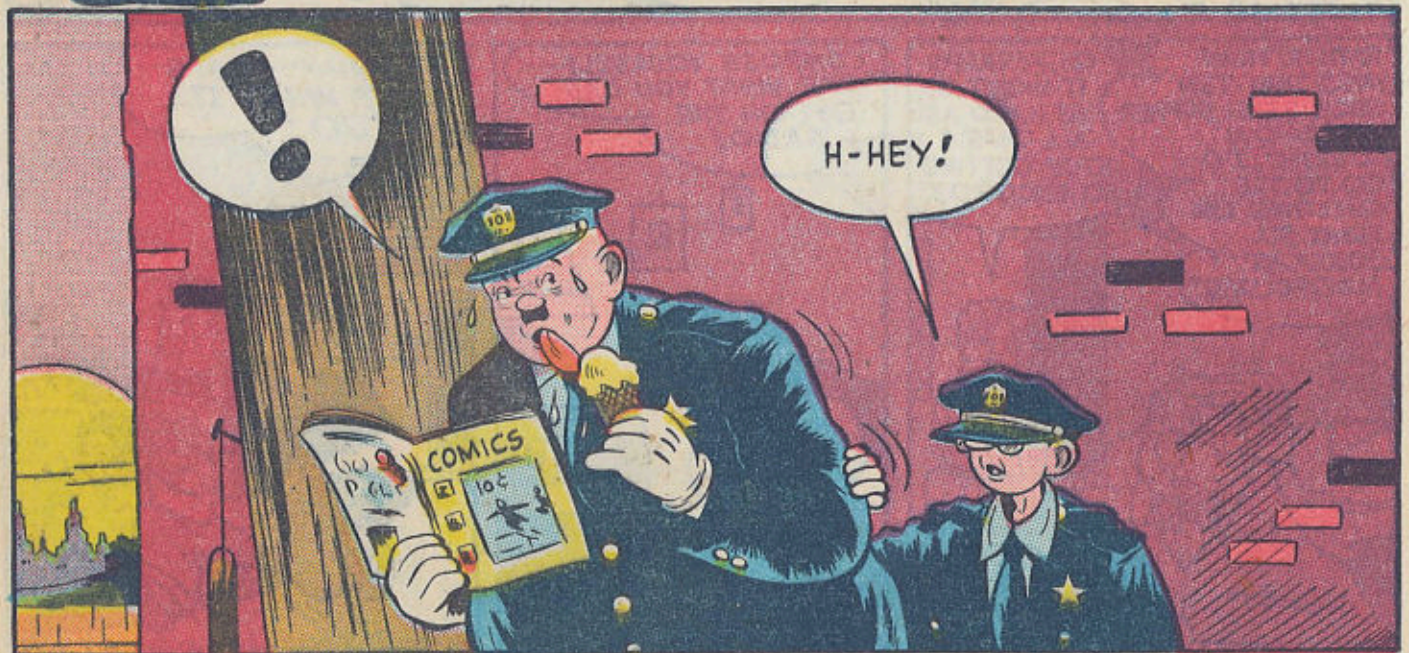




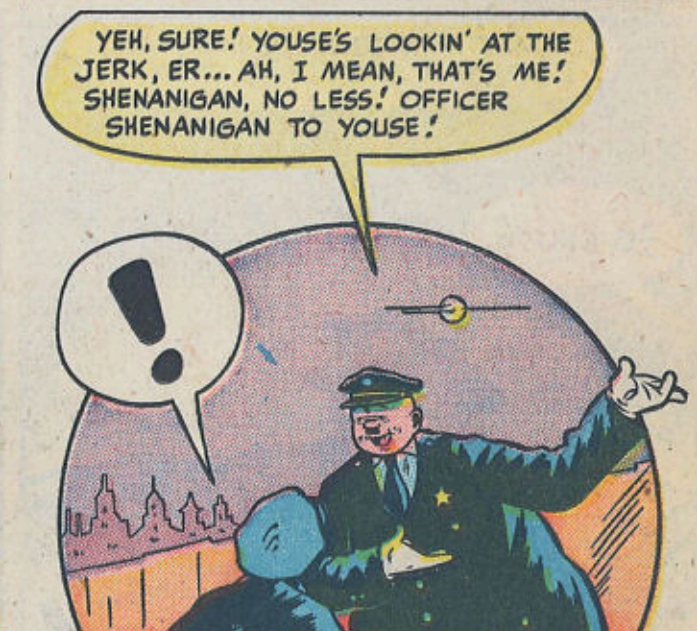
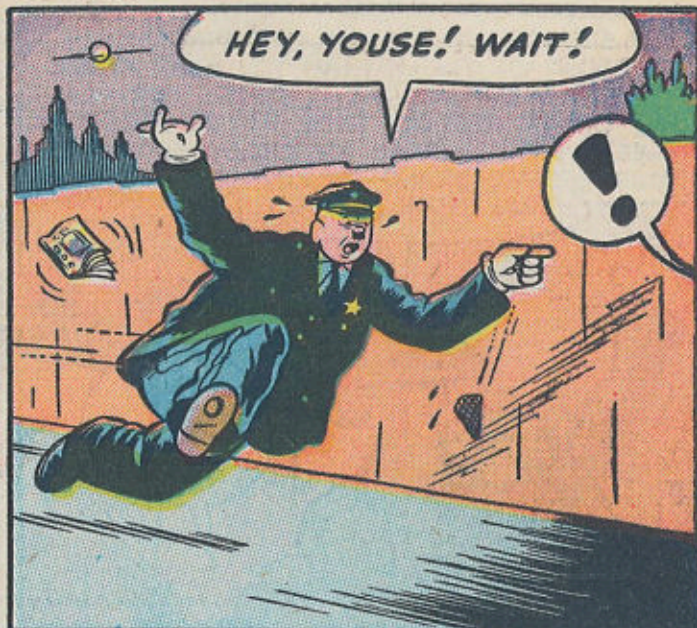








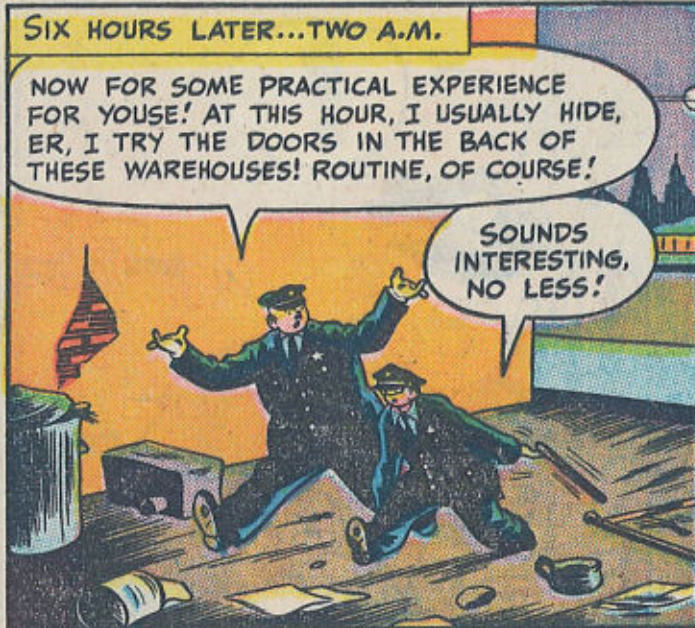




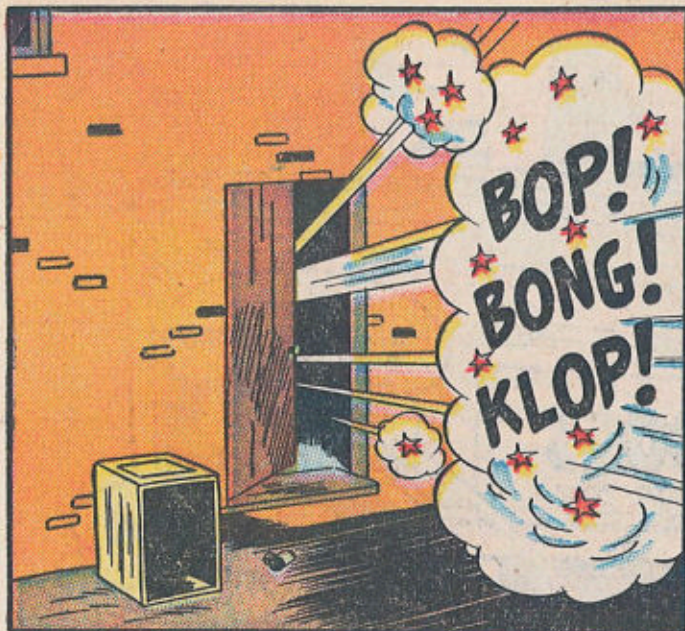
MISSION?

A ROOKIE, NO LESS! WELL! WELL! FOR ALLUS I KNOW, I MAY BE BREAKIN' IN ANOTHER COMMISSIONER SCHMO!

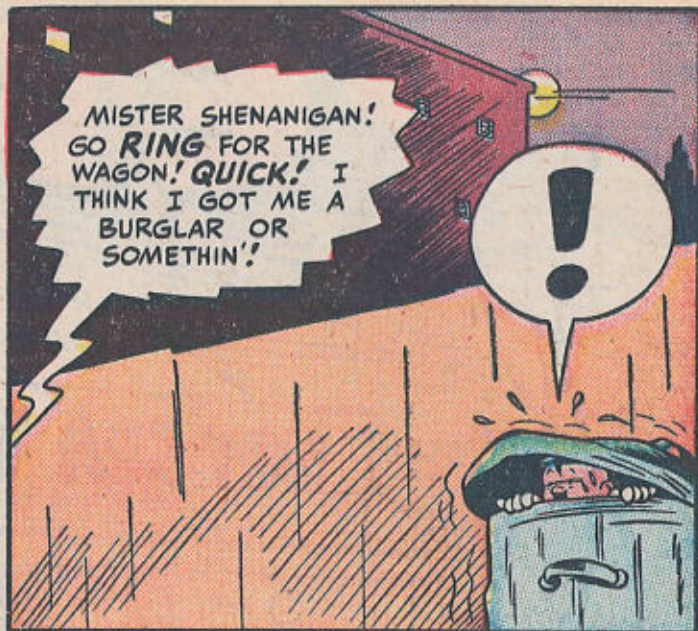




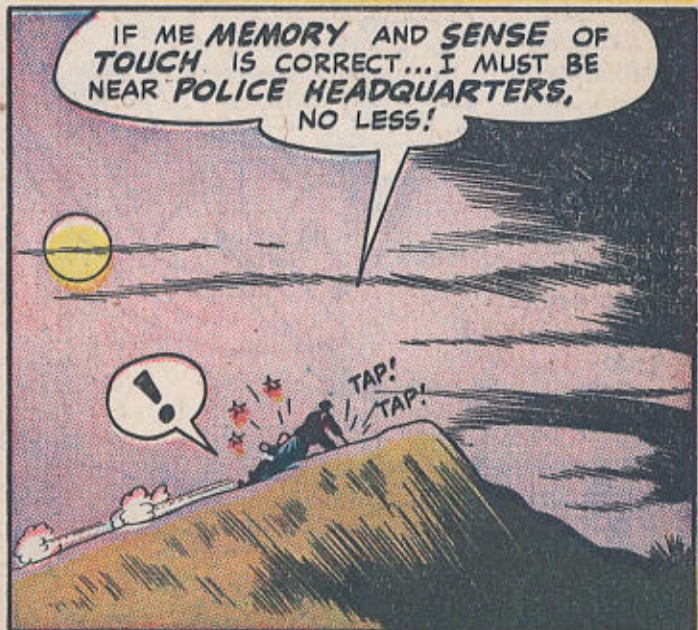
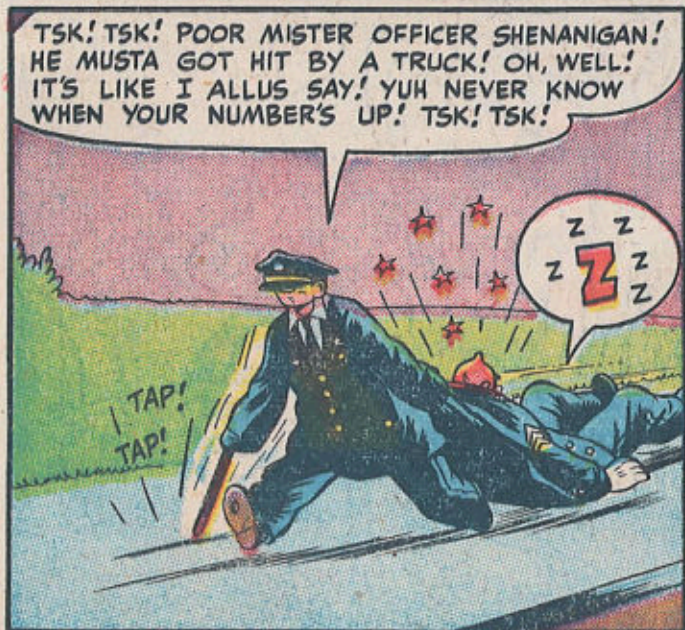




POOR MUHLARKY! OF ALL TIMES  
TO HAVE HIS GLASSES BUSTED!  
G-GULP!

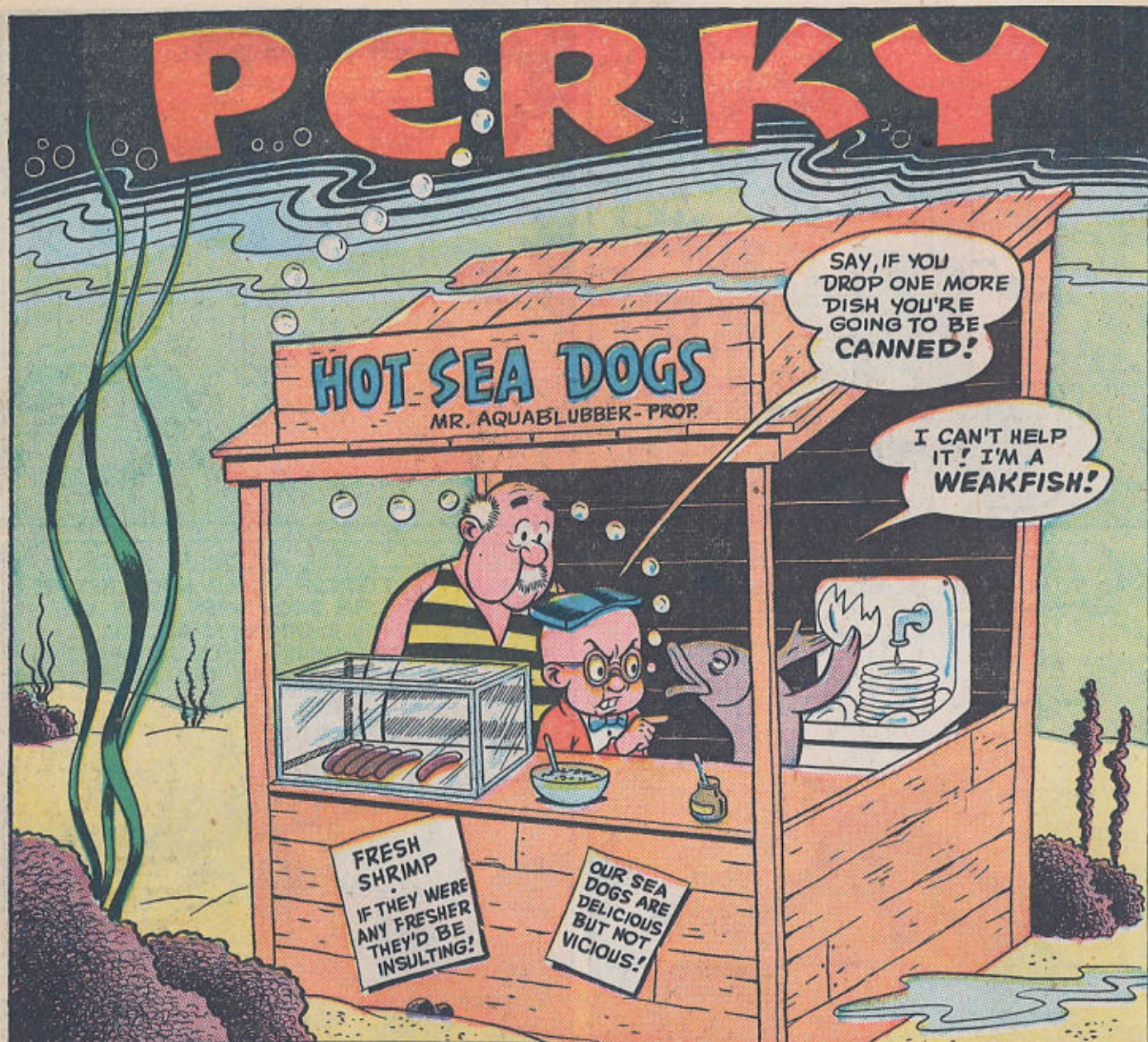


YUH'D THINK... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS,  
SARGEANT BUTTERCUP WOULD KNOW BETTER  
THAN TO LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN WHEN HE'S  
TAKIN' A NAP, WHILE ON DUTY! AS FOR  
MUHLARKY, IF HE'S SMART, HE'LL GET HIMSELF  
A GOOD LAWYER AND SAVE TEN YEARS,  
NO LESS!





# PERKY

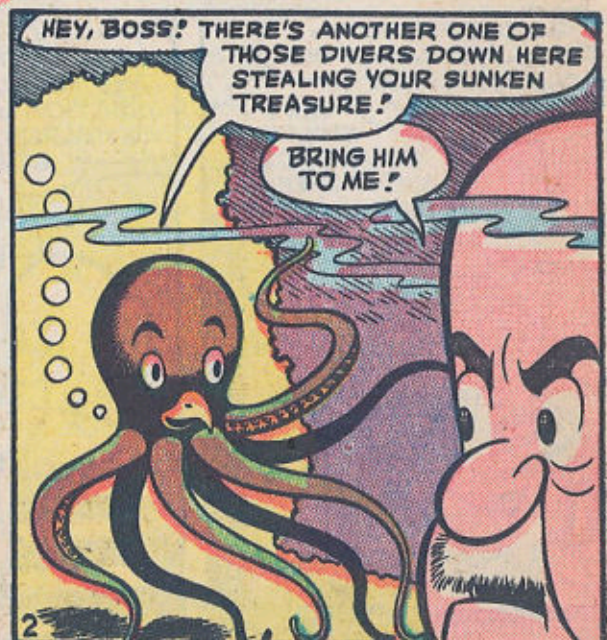
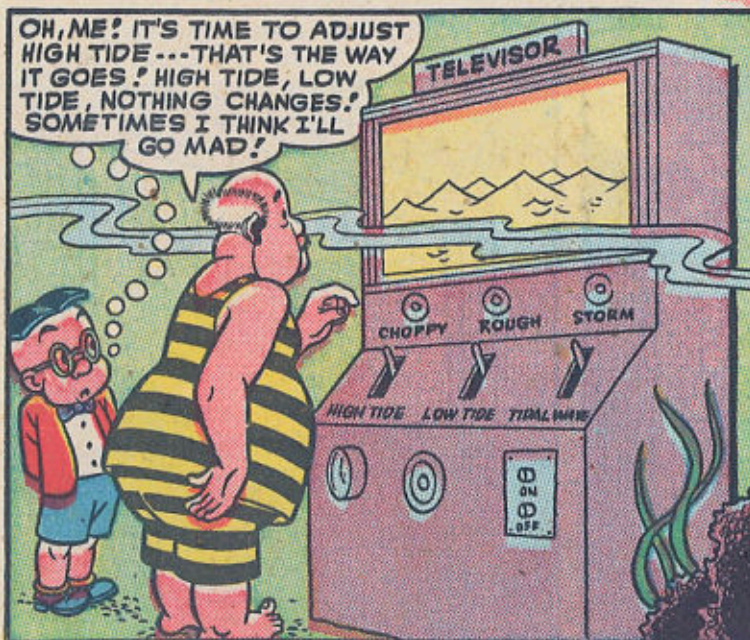
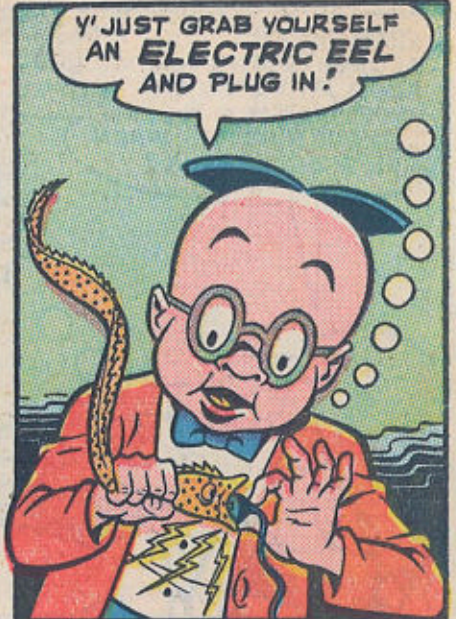


**P**erky's adventures began when he stepped into an amateur magicians vanishing box and was whisked into lands of fantasy... **T**his time he goes into an undersea world, so hold your breath!



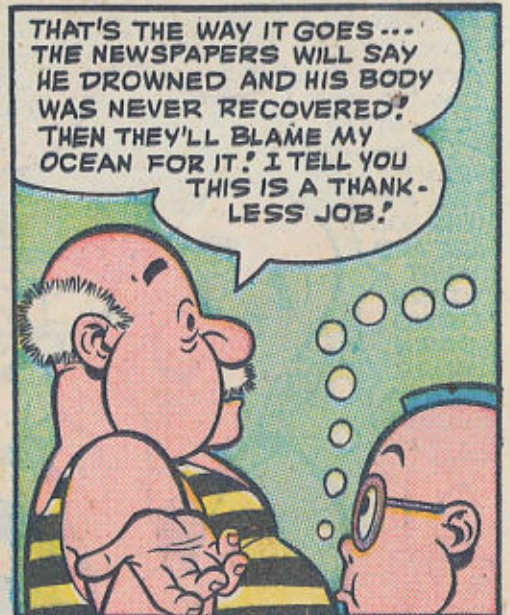
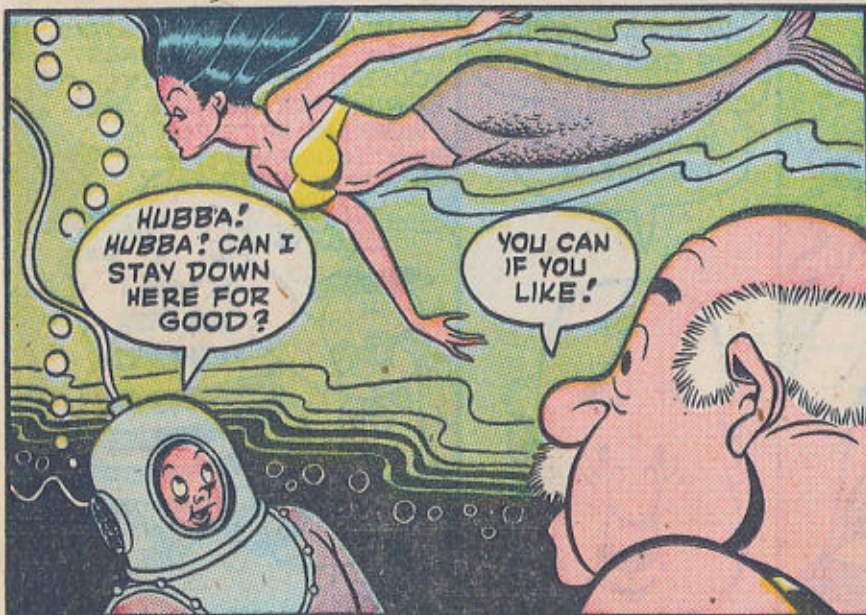
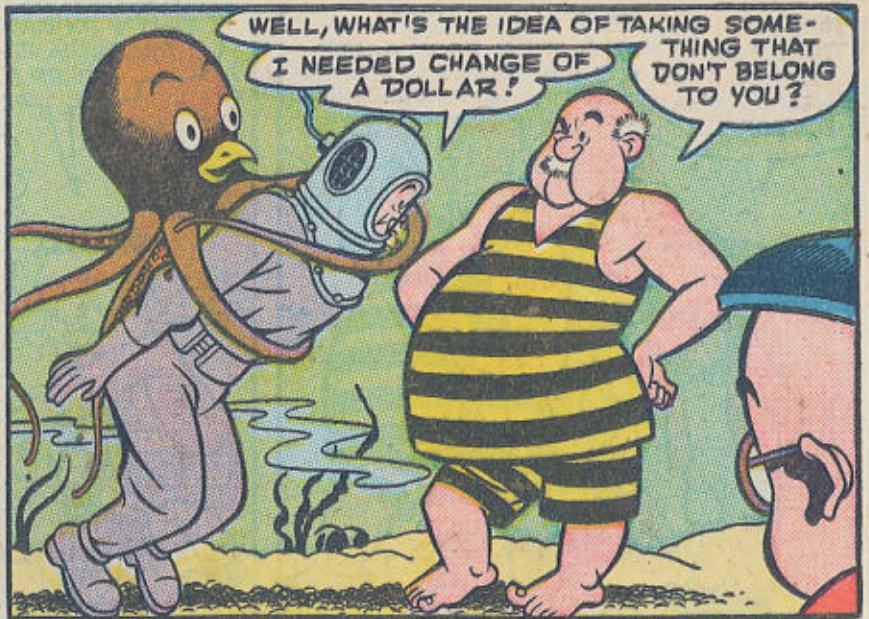
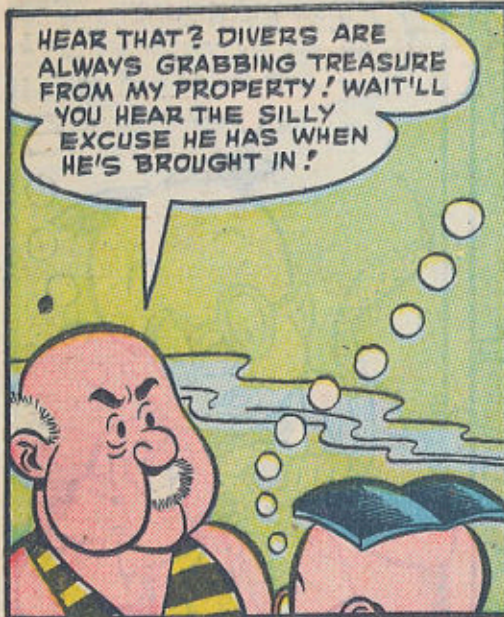


# FEATURE COMICS



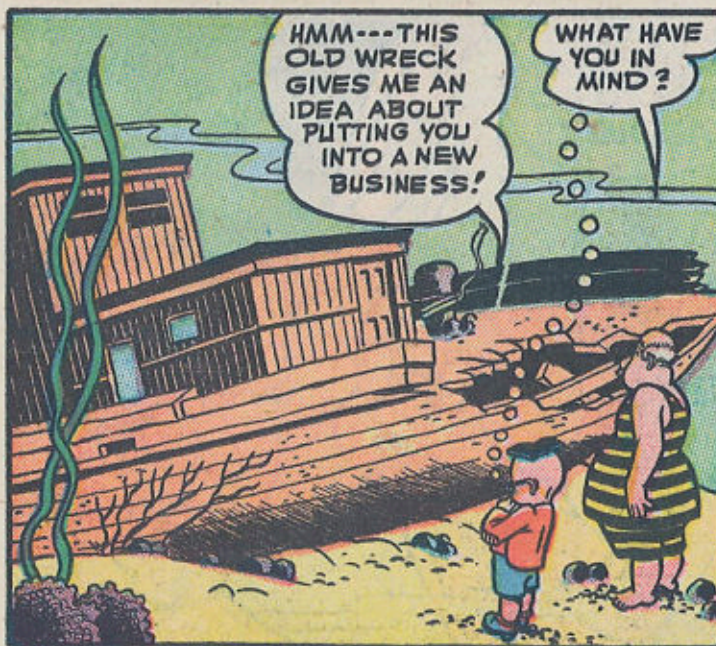
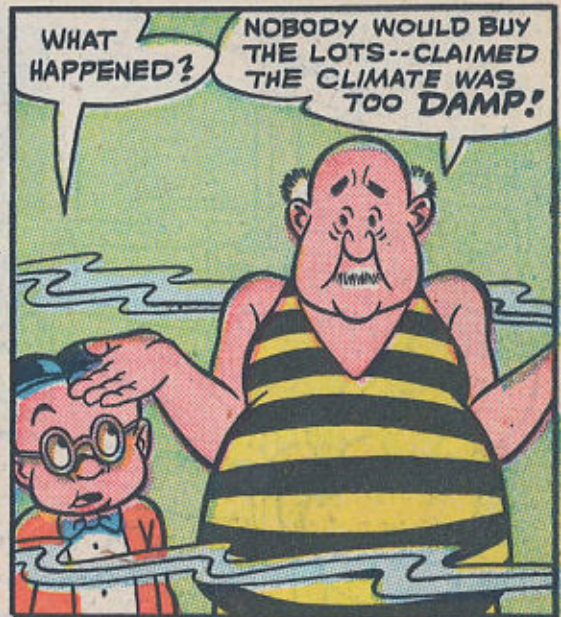
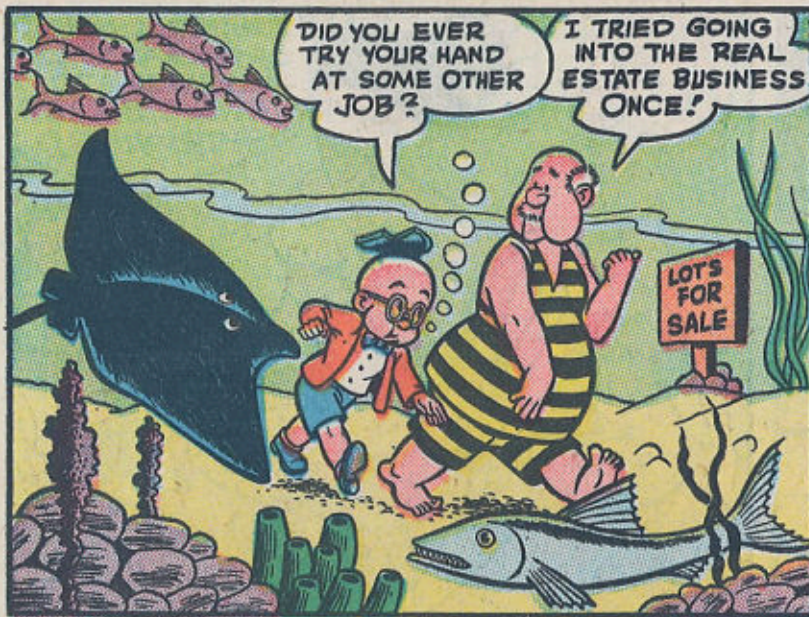
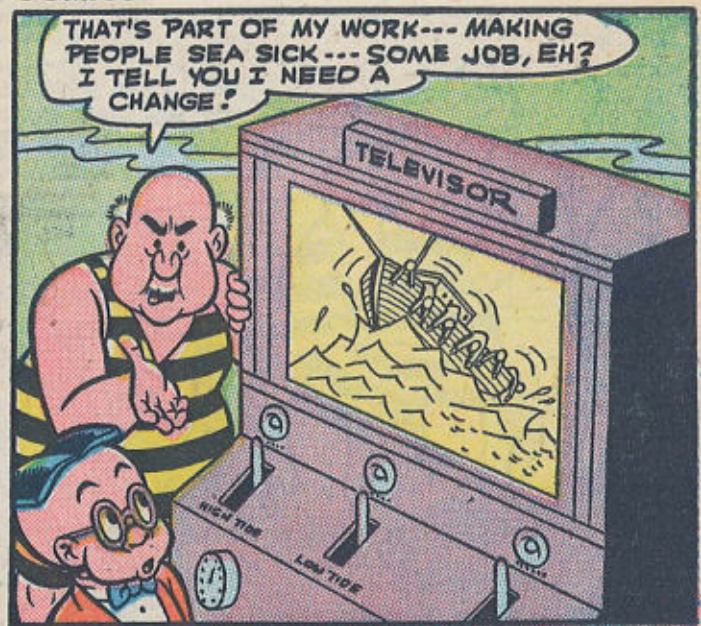
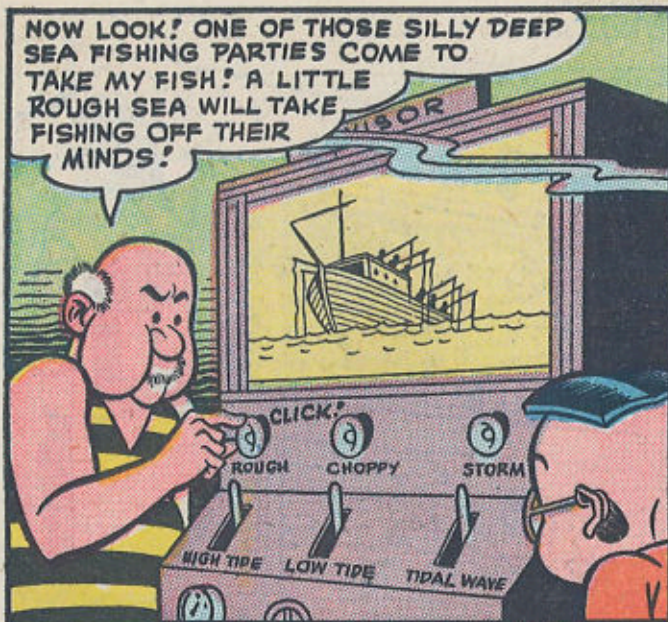


# FEATURE COMICS

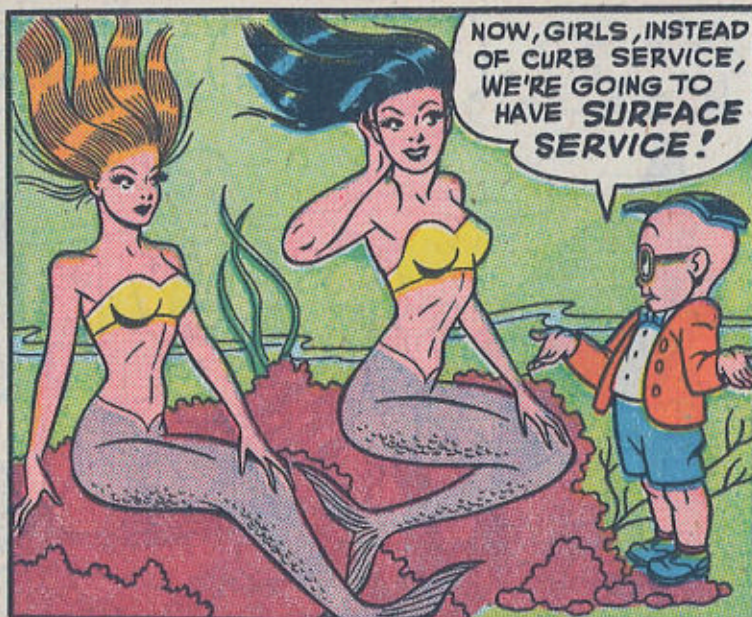




FEATURE COMICS

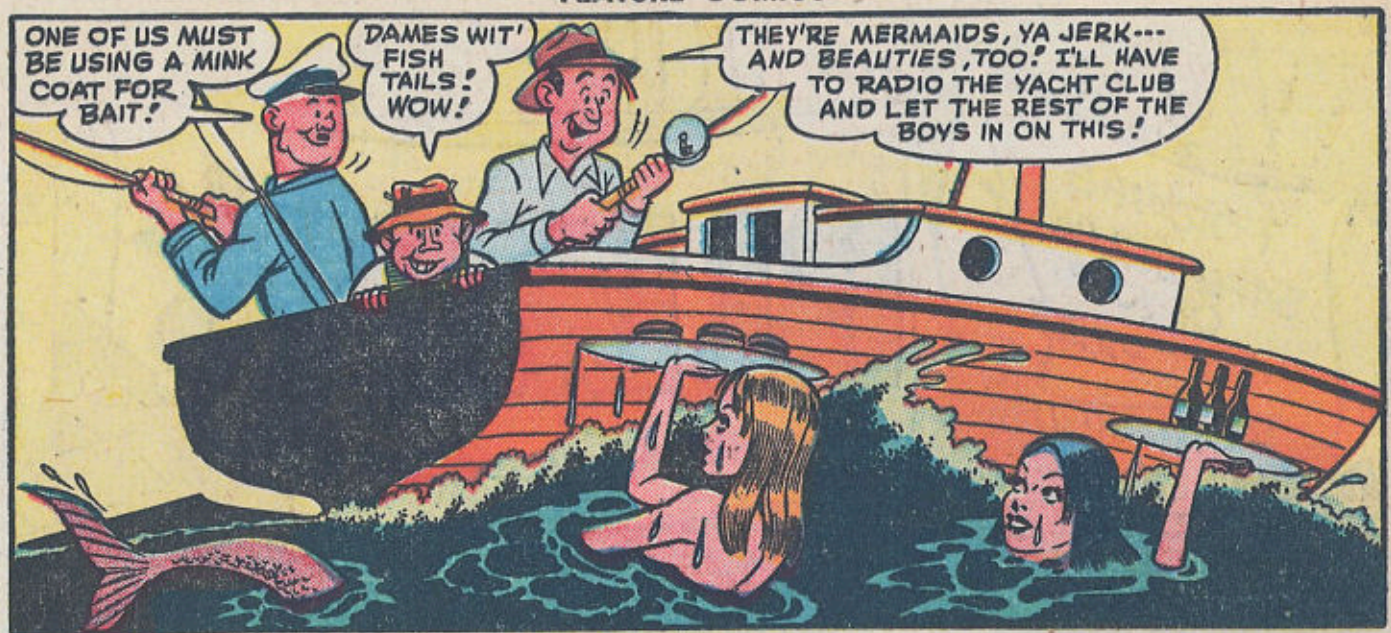








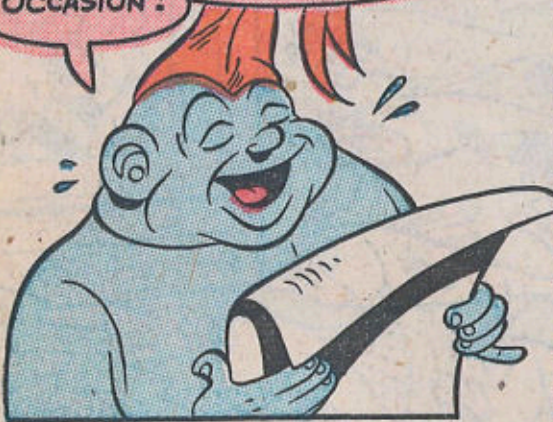
FEATURE COMICS







“AHEM! TODAY, GENTLEMEN, **BACKYARD DELIVERY SERVICE** BECOMES A REALITY! IT IS INDEED AN HONOR FOR ME TO OPEN THIS AUSPICIOUS OCCASION!”



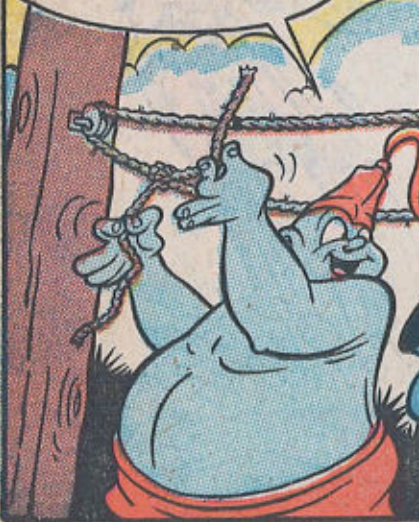
STOP TH' GAB AND GET THOSE DELIVERIES DELIVERED, BLIMPY! THE NEIGHBORS ARE **WAITING!**



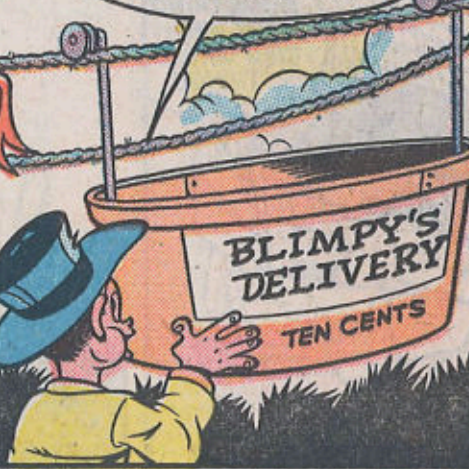
B-BUT I HAD A **SPEECH** PREPARED! AW--- ALL RIGHT!



I PRESUME THAT YOU BOYS HAVE ALL THE CUSTOMERS **LINED** UP--- HA, HA, HA!



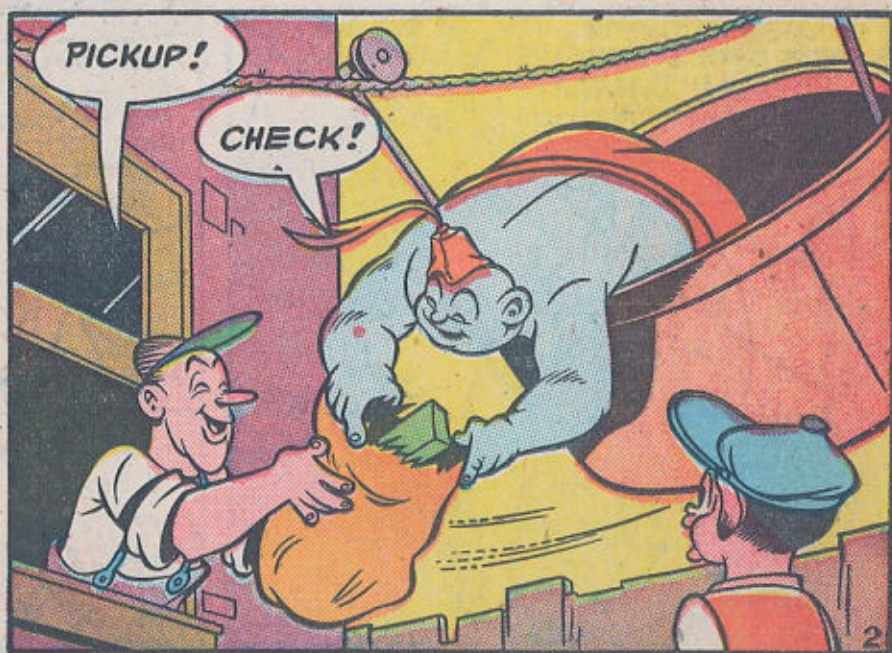
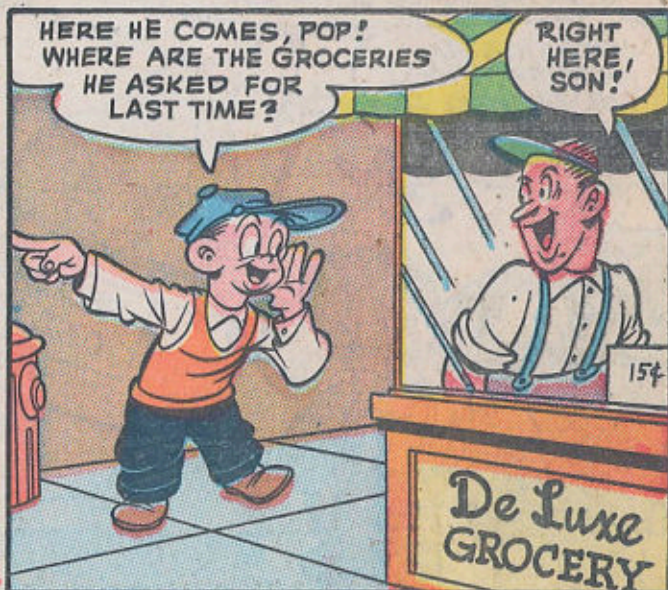
THE **ADVANCE PUBLICITY** HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF! YOU DELIVER THE GROCERIES AND WE WILL MAKE THE **COLLECTIONS!**



ARE YOU READY TO TAKE THE **DRIVER'S SEAT?**

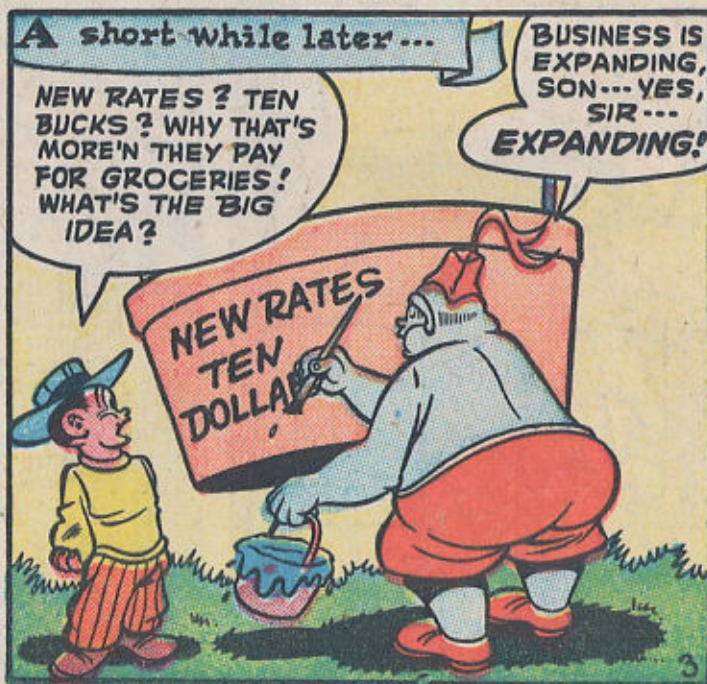
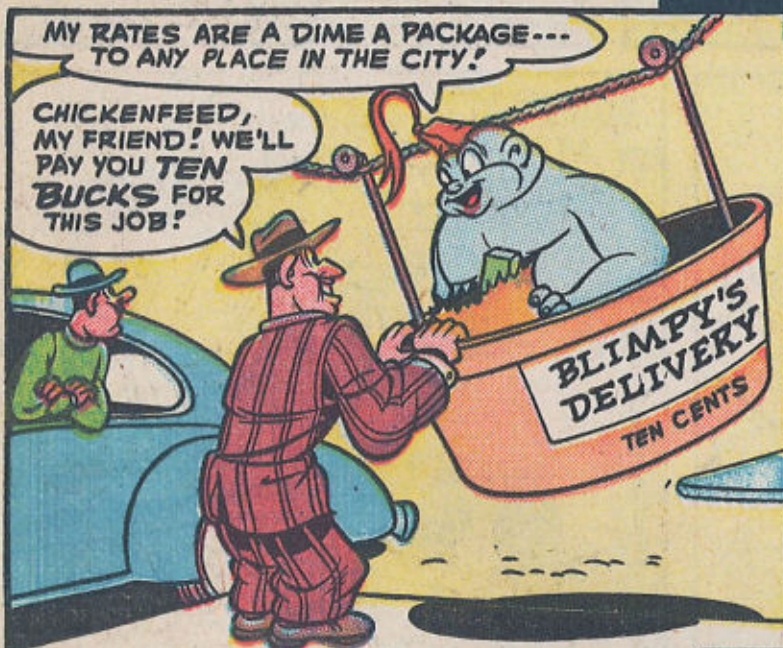
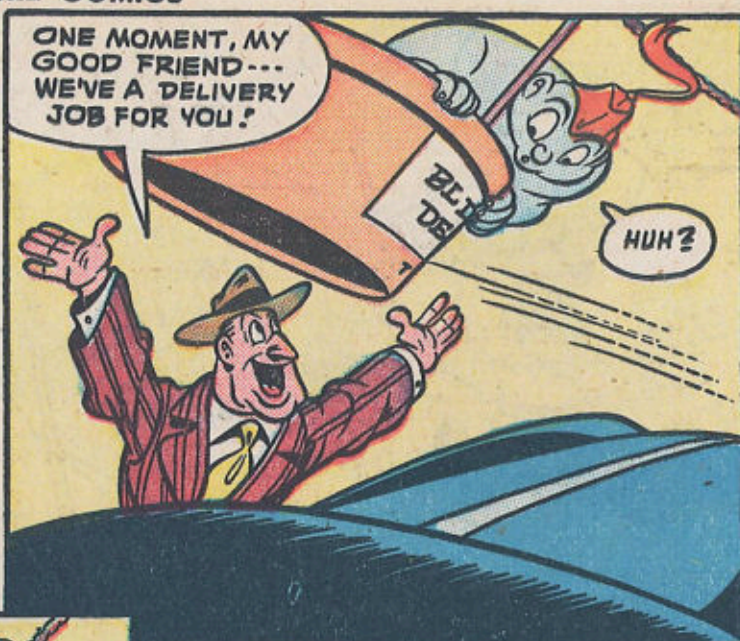




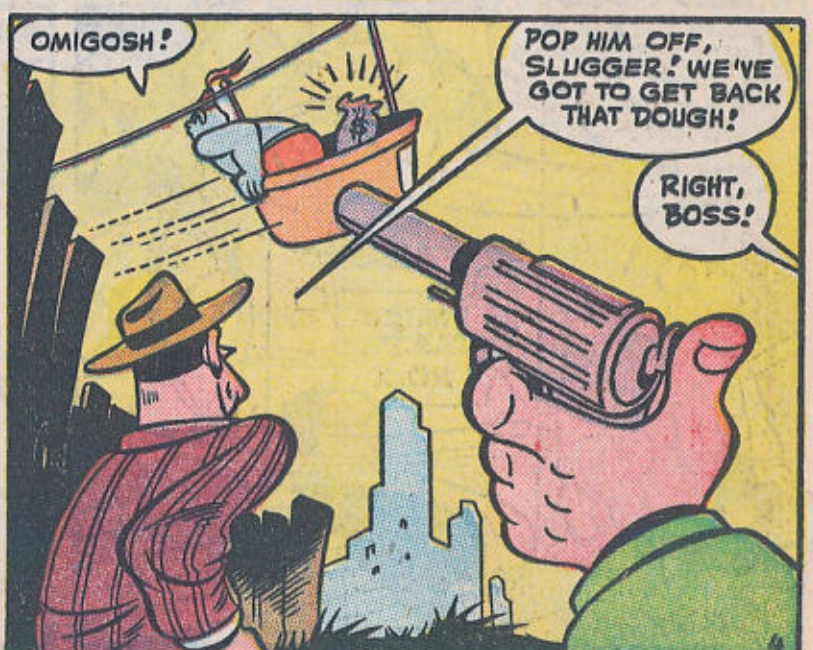
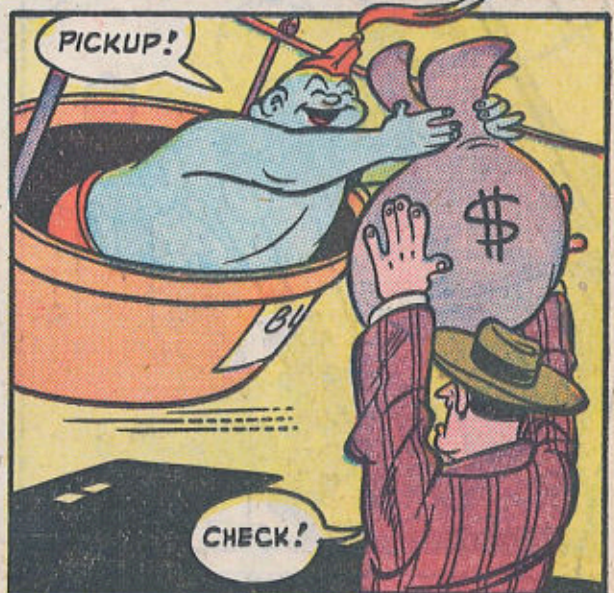
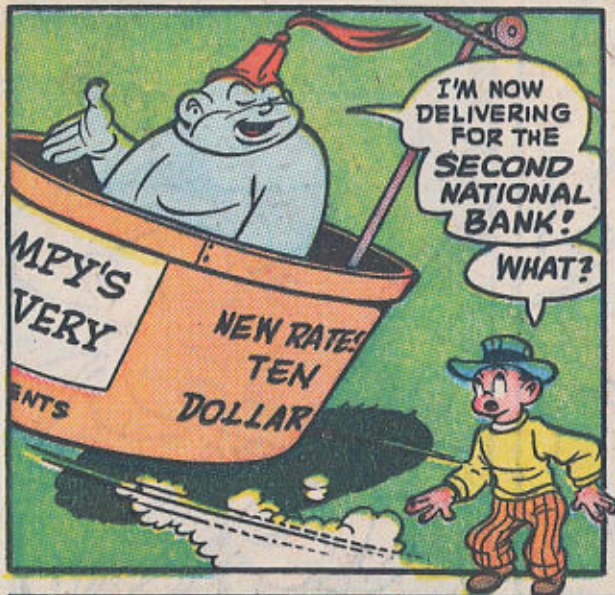




FEATURE COMICS



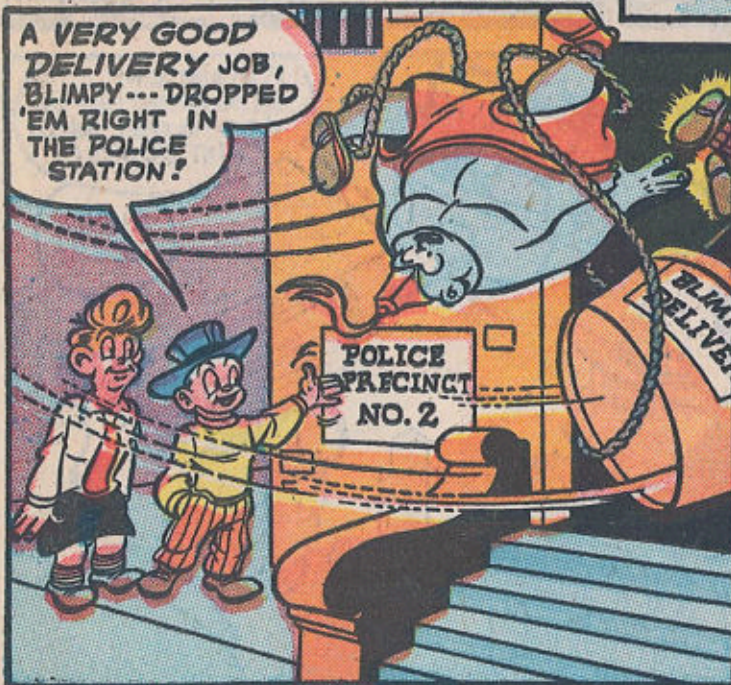
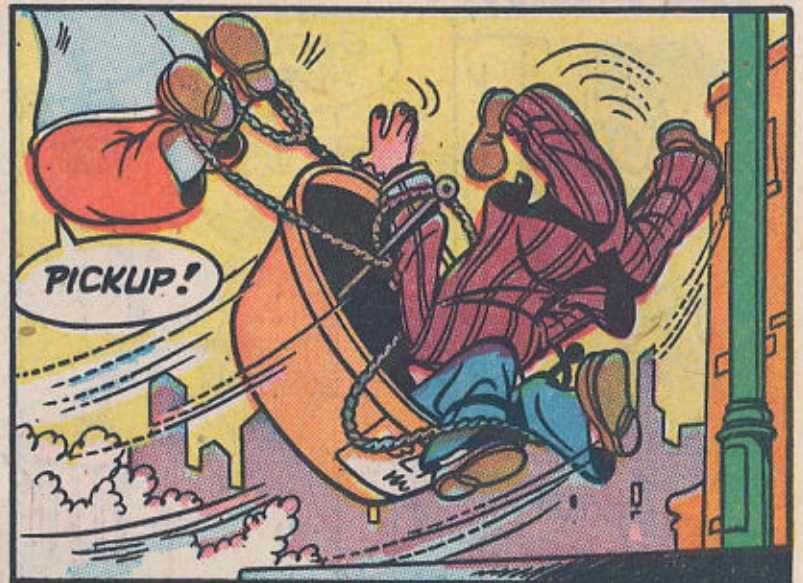
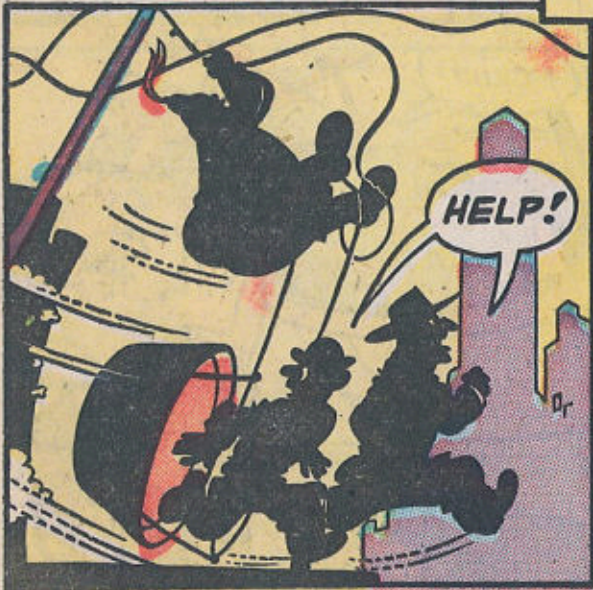
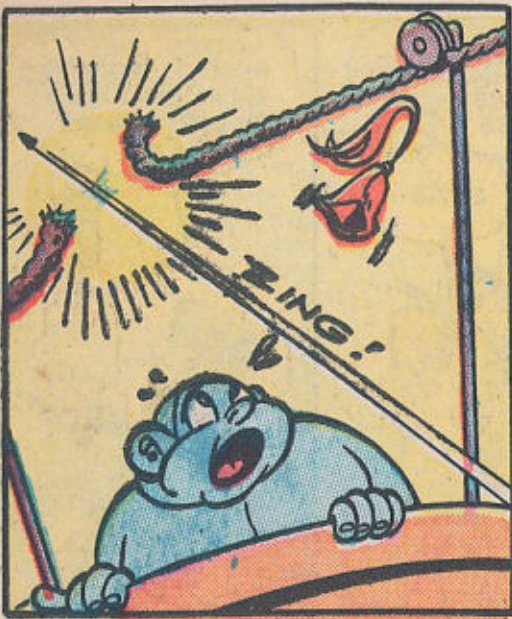




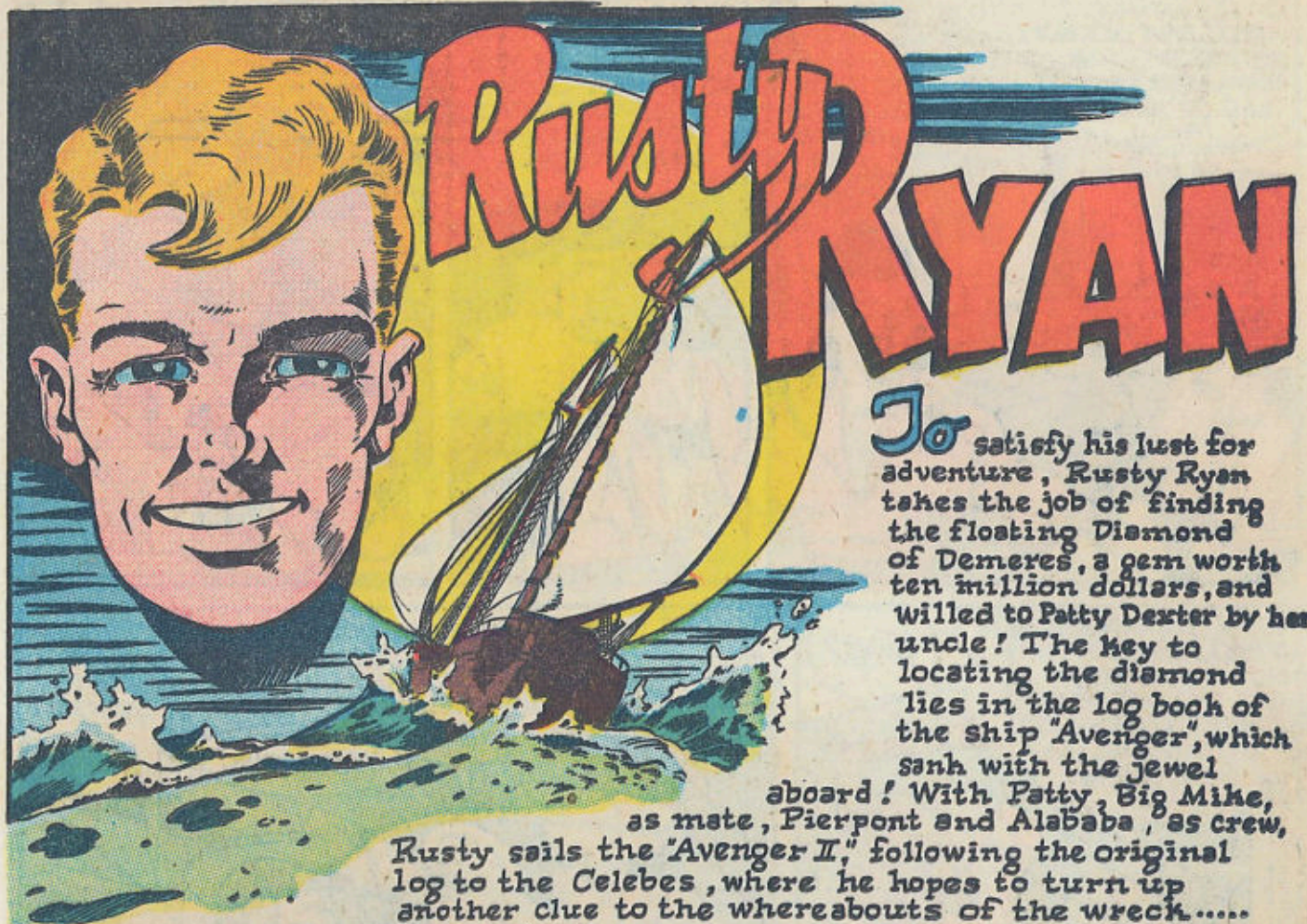
RIGHT, BOSS!



FEATURE COMICS







To satisfy his lust for adventure, Rusty Ryan takes the job of finding the floating Diamond of Demeris, a gem worth ten million dollars, and willed to Patty Dexter by her uncle! The key to locating the diamond lies in the log book of the ship "Avenger", which sank with the jewel aboard! With Patty, Big Mike, as mate, Pierpont and Alababa, as crew, Rusty sails the "Avenger II," following the original log to the Celebes, where he hopes to turn up another clue to the whereabouts of the wreck.....



RUSTY, THERE'S THE PORT! THINK WE'LL FIND THE DIAMOND NOW?

WE'LL KNOW MORE, PATTY, AFTER WE TALK TO THE TAVERN-KEEPER WHO'S DESCRIBED IN THE LOG!



WE'LL PROBABLY FIND TROUBLE, IF NOTHING ELSE! WHOEVER HAS BEEN CROSSING US WILL NO DOUBT STRIKE HERE, TOO!

RIGHT! AND I WISH I KNEW WHO IT IS!



ME, TOO! I'M STILL NOT SURE WE SHOULD HAVE LET THAT GUY ZWELK COME ABOARD WHEN WE SAILED FROM THE LAST PLACE! HE MIGHT BE WORKING AGAINST US!

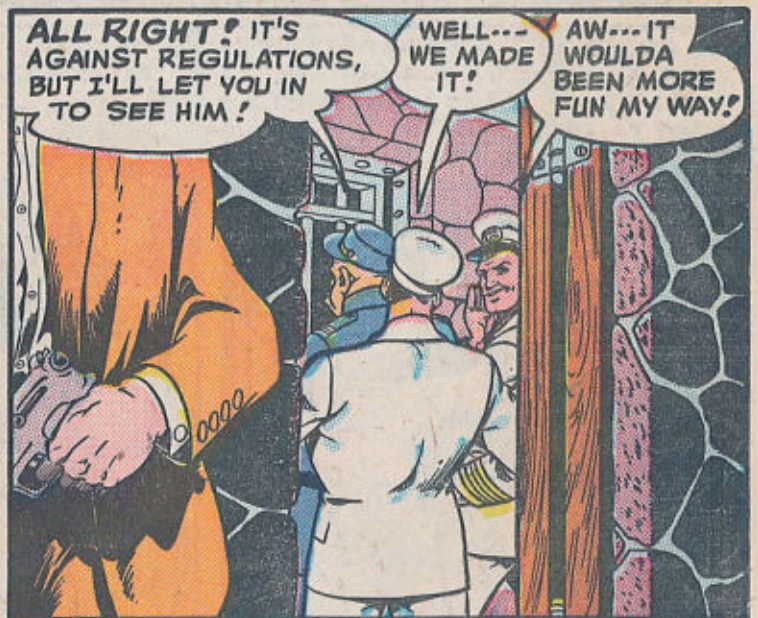
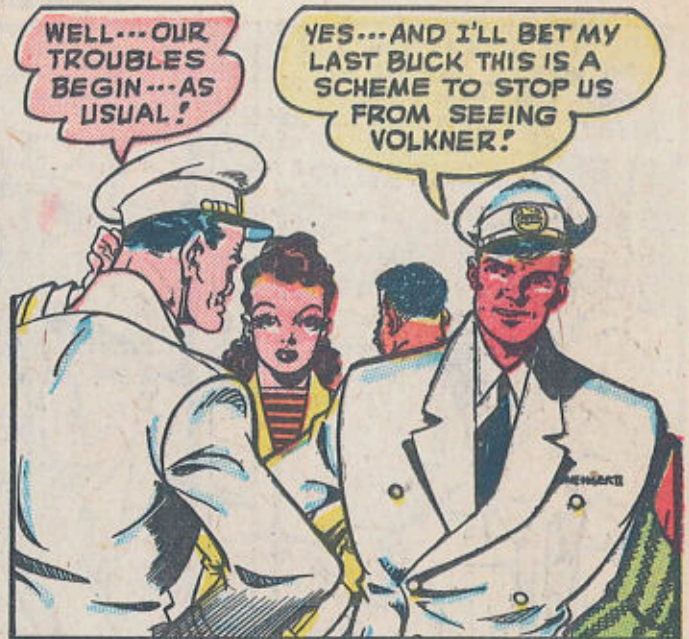
I DON'T THINK SO!



FEATURE COMICS









FEATURE COMICS



THEN YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE!

YES---AND YOU ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION... WHICH IS FRUITLESS!



ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US THERE IS NO DIAMOND?

THERE IS! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET AT IT!

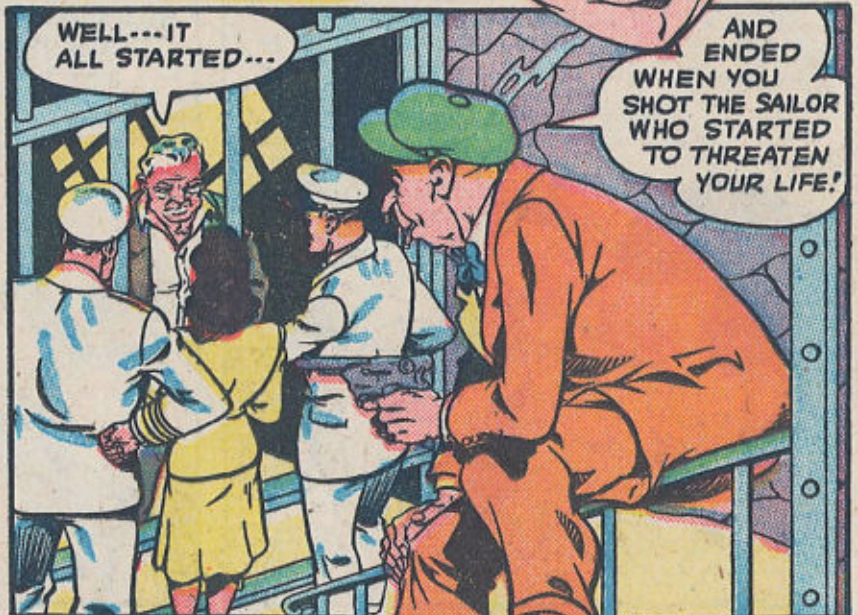


I WAS FIRST MATE ON THE ORIGINAL AVENGER, AND SHE'S AT THE BOTTOM OF SUNDA STRAIT, BETWEEN JAVA AND SUMATRA--- ON A JAGGED CORAL REEF FULL OF WHIRLPOOLS!



YOU COULD NEVER GET DOWN TO HER!

I'LL TRY... AFTER WE GET YOU OUT OF HERE! JUST WHAT'S THE SCORE ON THIS MURDER RAP?



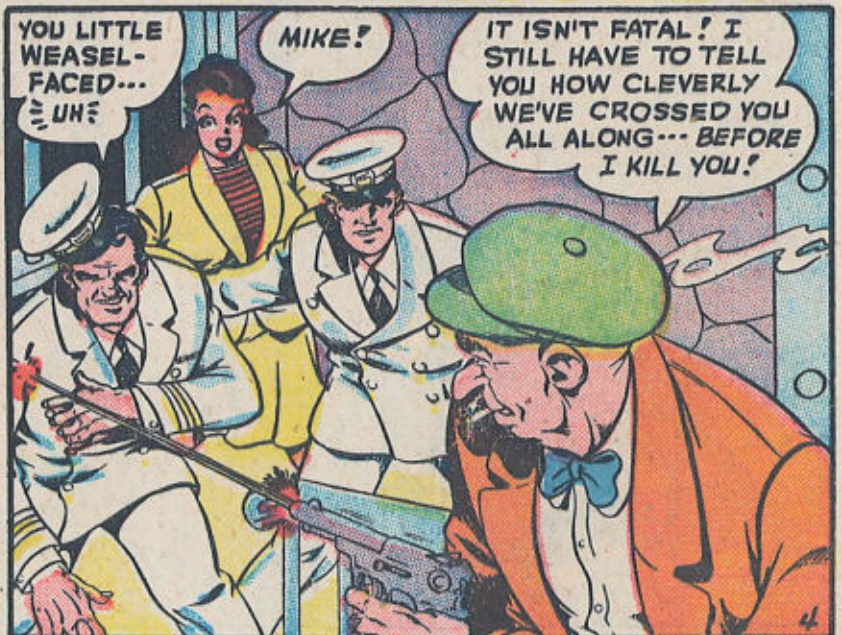
WELL---IT ALL STARTED---

AND ENDED WHEN YOU SHOT THE SAILOR WHO STARTED TO THREATEN YOUR LIFE!



ZWELK! HOW DO YOU KNOW---

I PAID THE SAILOR TO MAKE TROUBLE, AND NOW I CONTROL THE JAIL, WHERE I FIGURED YOU'D COME TO FIND VOLKNER!



YOU LITTLE WEASEL-FACED... UN?

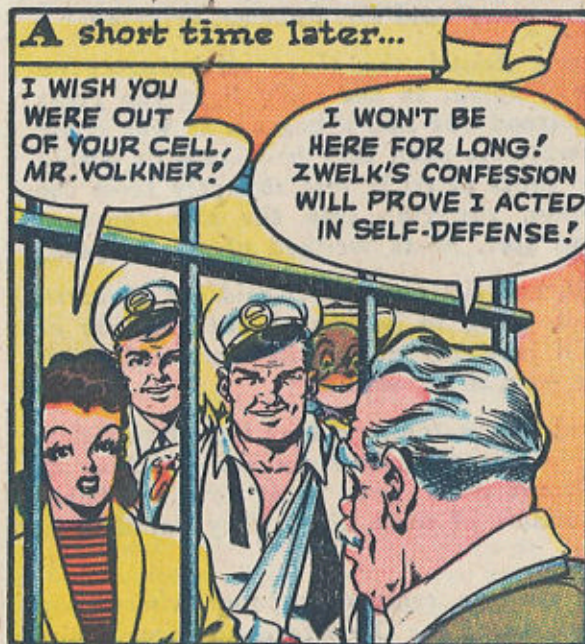
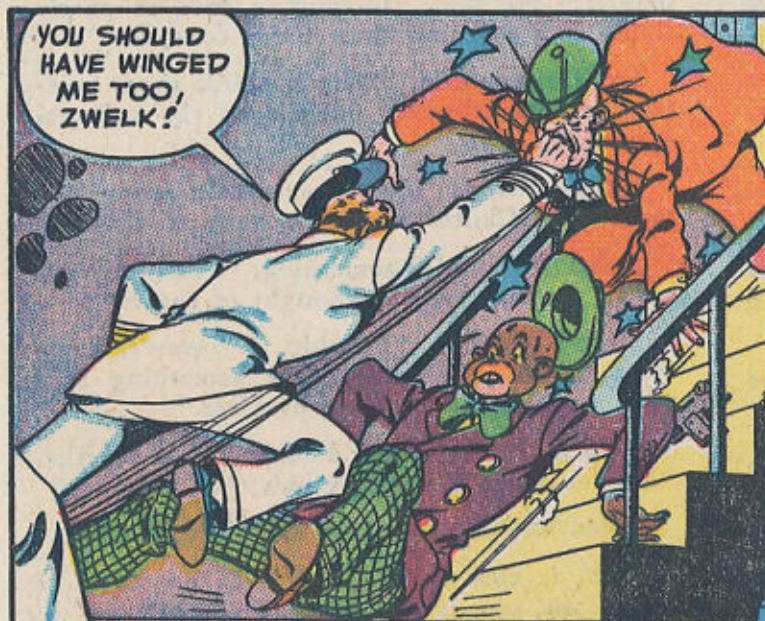
MIKE!

IT ISN'T FATAL! I STILL HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW CLEVERLY WE'VE CROSSED YOU ALL ALONG--- BEFORE I KILL YOU!



FEATURE COMICS

Meanwhile, looking into the jail, is Pierpont....





# Volcano Birds

**T**HE jeep rolled to a stop in the jungle, and its occupants sighed with relief. The trek had been one of extraordinary roughness over the worst trails in Africa. Jeeps are not famous for smooth riding.

Darrel Dane said, wiping the perspiration from his eyes, "Well, that's that. How are you feeling, Martha?"

Martha Roberts turned a wan smile his way. "Limp as a rag. What heat! Dad looks chipper for some reason." She glanced at her father, Dr. Roberts.

"Who—me?" he said. "Yes, I feel fine. A bit warm to be sure; but fine. Where are we, Darrel?"

Darrel said he didn't know exactly. Somewhere in Belgian West Africa.

"Explicit," stated Dr. Roberts dryly.

"According to the speedometer," said Darrel, "we have come 879 miles from Moko Station. According to the way I feel we've come eight million miles!"

Dr. Roberts chuckled. "I thought you were the rugged type.

Darrel groaned. "It's not a matter of types. It's these seats. Cripes! And then again my mind is not always up in the clouds. I have other feelings."

Roberts grinned. "Well, if keeping one's thoughts in some dreamland means bodily comfort, I'm all for it. How about you, Martha?"

His daughter forced a smile. "It's the seats with me, too. How about something to eat? I'm famished."

Darrel started the small car again and they moved on. It was getting late in the afternoon and they would need a campsite soon. A mile farther on he turned into a grassy plot surrounded by big trees and cut the engine.

"How's this?"

"Wonderful," said Martha. "Crack out the equipment and I'll rustle some grub. . . . Is there any water near here?"

"There is a stream close," Darrel told her. "I'll get the water."

Dr. Roberts helped build a fire and get the cooking things in order. Darrel returned soon with a bucket of cool water.

After dinner, they sat around the fire and discussed the strange venture they were on.

Dr. Roberts was saying, "I still feel that it is a wild goose chase. I think those fliers who saw a lost city in a volcano were too full of sundowners. . . . How far are we from said volcano?"

Darrel looked at a map. "About forty miles from here. I think I caught a pale glimpse of the volcano as we turned in here."

Martha was doing something to her hair. "I think the whole thing sounds highly romantic," she said. "Imagine, a race of people living in a volcano. Shut in for centuries!"

Dr. Roberts said, "Why couldn't those aviators try parachuting down into the volcano, Darrel?"

"High winds blow constantly over the mountain. Chutes wouldn't have a chance."

Roberts mumbled something. "Then how are we to get in, have you thought of that?"

Darrel grinned. "Frankly, I haven't. I always believe, however, that something will turn up, when I tackle a problem."

"We don't even have a plane," said Martha. "Do you mean we must climb that volcano?"

"Not we, darling. Just me," Darrel said.

"Oh, is that so! Well, I'm in on this lost race hunt, too. If you climb, I climb!"

"There now," said Dr. Roberts, grinning.

Morning found the three adventurers on their way again. In the early light the great volcano stood out like a beacon. It was many miles away. At noon they had come to within a dozen miles of it. It rose abruptly from the vast plain, towering into the sky fourteen thousand feet. Mists writhed about its peak.

"Well, one thing certain," said Dr. Roberts, "I'm not going to be one of the climbers of that! I'll just stay quietly in camp and think of your poor tired muscles."

Darrel was watching a long line of tiny dots moving across the sky from the direction of the volcanic cone. They were birds, probably large condors of some kind. They vanished in the east.

They made a temporary camp where they were and rested for the afternoon pace. About



## FEATURE COMICS

one o'clock Darrel saw a similar line of dots making its way back toward the peak.

"That's funny," he said to himself. "Condors coming and going regularly. Hm—well, we'll see."

He made no further explanation of what he'd see—even to himself. But when they started out again he swung the jeep toward east. Late that afternoon they came to a great field. It was covered with giant feathers and a few bones; but there was plenty of evidence that this area was used as a place for killing game. Spattered blood was everywhere.

"Looks like a jungle slaughter house, if there is such a thing," said Dr. Roberts, surveying the gory scene.

"Ugh," said Martha. "The smell is awful."

They drove on toward the volcano, came to its base and found it unscalable. They spent five days going around it, but found no place where any man could climb up its perpendicular walls.

"It's impossible," said Roberts. "A fly couldn't climb that cone."

Darrel nodded. "Looks that way. Well, let's go back to the slaughter house and wait till tomorrow."

In the very early morning they were awakened by the sounds of vast herds of small deer scampering everywhere. Then Darrel had the answer. The condors came here to feed on the game. And then he got an idea.

"Here is what you two must do," he told Dr. Roberts and Martha. "We'll drive the jeep back about a quarter-mile, where that clump of mimosa stands. It will hide you and the car. Then I'll come back and wait here. . . . you can guess what I'm up to."

"Darrel!" cried Martha. "You mean—"

"I mean," said Darrel, "that I'm going to catch a hop pretty soon. It should be a spectacular enough hop, too. Let's go."

They drove to the mimosa and hid the car. There was a good place for Roberts and his daughter to rest out of the broiling sun. Then Darrel left them.

Arrived at the edge of the large killing ground, he hid himself and prepared to wait for what he knew was to happen. After a long time he heard a great whistling sound as of monstrous wings cleaving the air. Then he saw the huge condors arriving. The deer ran everywhere. The condors had only to pounce upon them and drag them to the field. This is exactly what they did, until each bird had his kill. Then they began taking off, each carrying a deer.

Darrel had a mighty gift by which with a powerful effort of will he could command his body to reduce in size until it was less than a foot tall. Now he was the famous Doll Man.

Crouching in the tall grasses—they were tall now—he waited until a huge bird hopped, near his hiding place. Then with a leap he was atop its broad back. The jolt scared the bird, and it rose screaming without its prey. It circled once, then fell in behind the others.

A half hour later, the birds began dropping down inside the volcano. It was a place of vast dimensions, fully two miles across; a green, verdant valley with a gleaming lake at its bottom. There were numerous ruins of buildings everywhere, indicating that people had once lived here.

The Doll Man saw no person now, and concluded that the ruins were very ancient, and that all the people had long since gone to some forgotten death.

Now the volcano garden spot was the place of many condors and vultures. The great birds strutted everywhere. There were monstrous nests in the crags, and young birds running and chirping behind their mothers.

The Doll Man knew what he had to do. He had to wait hidden somewhere until the evening flight took off. He found a tiny cave and went to sleep. When the noise of a great commotion roused him, he scrambled up and found a flock of condors making runs to take off for their hunting ground.

He almost missed the last one, but caught it and leaped to its back just as it rose in the air. It gained altitude rapidly and with a rush of wind soared over the crest of the cone and out over the vast plain. Then disaster struck. A mighty column of air rushed upward, flipped the bird's feathers, and the Doll Man plummeted off its back.

Down, down he fell, turning over and over. This was it, he reasoned. A fall of twelve thousand or more feet! The rush of wind in his ears was a dirge. Then with a jolting impact he struck something feathery. He clung on desperately with both hands, knowing a strange fate had saved his life. For he had fallen on another condor!

The tale The Doll Man—now Darrel Dane once more—told Dr. Roberts and Martha made their hair rise.

"But no one lives there now, eh?" said Roberts.

"Yeah," laughed Darrel. "Several thousand condors, bless 'em! I'll never say a mean thing about a scavenger bird again, take it from me!"



# BIG TOP

DOGGONE! I GET MORE ABSENT-MINDED EVERY DAY!



YOU AND YOUR PETTY WORRIES! BAH!

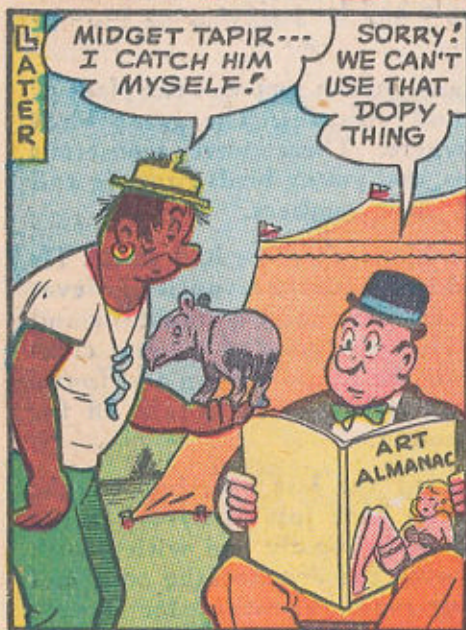
UNLESS WE GET SOME NEW ATTRACTION FOR OUR FREAK SHOW, WE'RE GONNA BE LOSING MORE MONEY THAN EVER!



THE NEXT GUY COMES HERE TRYING TO SELL US SOME MOTH-EATEN FAKE, YOU INTERVIEW 'EM--- I AIN'T GOT THE HEART!



OKAY, BOSS!



LATER  
MIDGET TAPIR--- I CATCH HIM MYSELF!

SORRY! WE CAN'T USE THAT DOPY THING

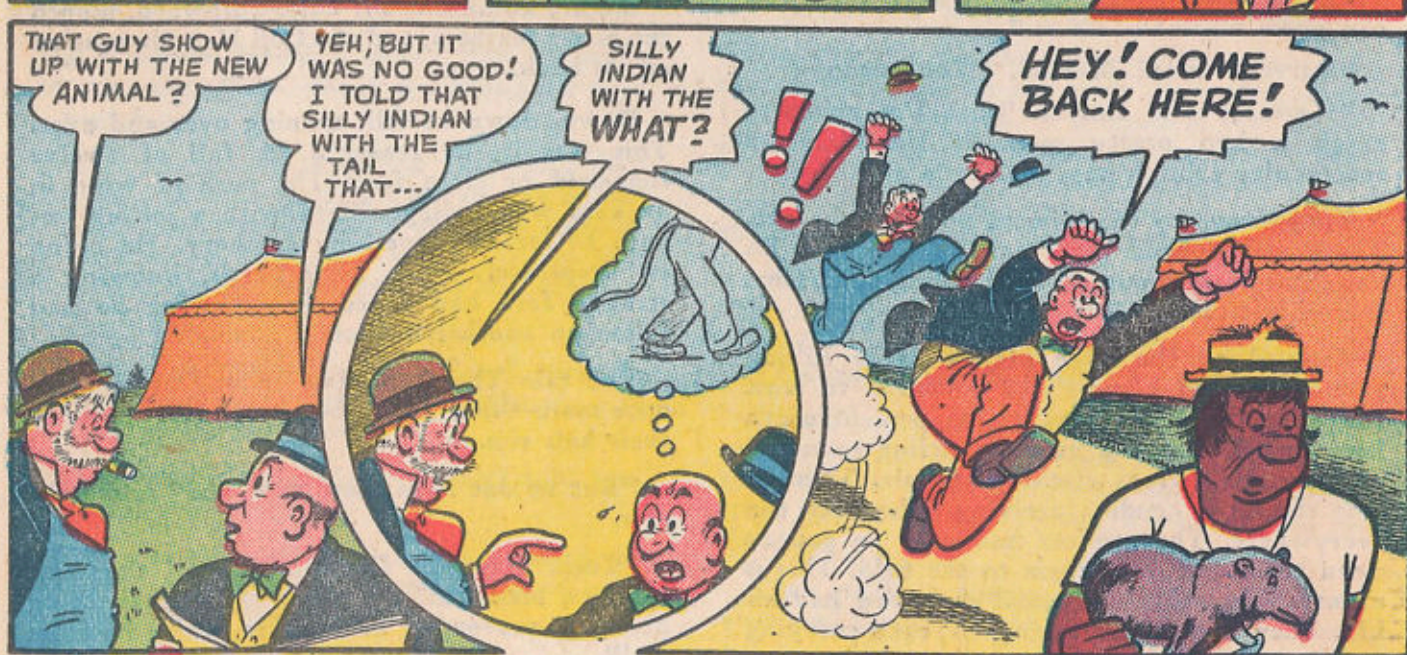


SAY, WHAT'S THAT?



JUST MY TAIL--- ALWAYS SLIPPING OUT!

PRETTY SLOPPY!



THAT GUY SHOW UP WITH THE NEW ANIMAL?

YEH, BUT IT WAS NO GOOD! I TOLD THAT SILLY INDIAN WITH THE TAIL THAT...

SILLY INDIAN WITH THE WHAT?

HEY! COME BACK HERE!



# BIG TOP

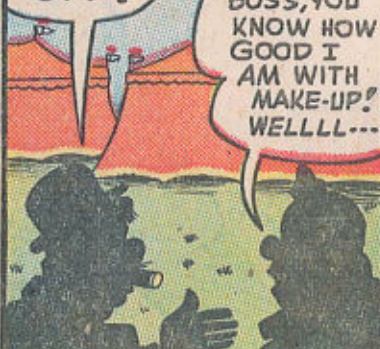
THE OWNER OF OOMLAUF'S CIRCUS HAS OFFERED TO SWAP US TWO BLACK PANTHERS AND A RING-TAILED KYPOOTUM FOR OUR APE!



A GOOD SWAP FOR US!



BUT WHEN HE SEES WHAT A DOPY OLD APE WE REALLY HAVE GOT, THE WHOLE DEAL WILL BE OFF!



WAIT, BOSS, YOU KNOW HOW GOOD I AM WITH MAKE-UP? WELLLL---

Later....

HEY, BOSS, COME SEE YOUR APE NOW!



BUTCH, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! WHY, HE ALMOST SCARES ME!



AND HERE COMES OLD OOMLAUF NOW!

WHAT A MONSTER, BANGS! I'LL TOSS IN AN EXTRA LEOPARD FOR THIS TERROR!



I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT THAT BRUTE MAKES COLD CHILLS RUN UP AND DOWN MY---



AH---

-- BACK!



FAKE!

YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!

CAN I HELP IT IF FLOWERS BRING ON HIS HAY-FEVER?





FEATURE COMICS

*Unlucky music! Its notes seemed to bring trouble to all who heard them... until SWING SISSON unmasked the criminal and brought him to justice!*



As the patrons of the Clover Club listen to Swing Sisson's latest hit, there is a sudden interruption...

**PHOOEY! THAT MUSIC SMELLS!**

WHAT TH...?

I D-DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE'S NOBODY HERE!

BEFORE WE GO ON, I WANT TO SETTLE WITH THIS JOKER! HE MUST BE HIDING UNDER THE TABLE!

SOME KIND OF BOMB HAS EXPLODED!

THAT SMOKE... IT'S STIFLING ME!





# FEATURE COMICS



But even as the police are puzzling over what seems a meaningless joke....



...another incident takes place in another part of town...



Again and again the incident is repeated...



Until the police are at their wits ends!



The mysterious gas attacks have their effect on the Clover Club...





FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, SISSON! LET'S JOIN FORCES AND SOLVE THIS TOGETHER!

IT'S GAR GRINLING! I FIRED YOU AND YOUR ORCHESTRA YEARS AGO SO THAT SWING SISSON COULD TAKE YOUR PLACE!



NO HARD FEELINGS, SISSON! I WAS JEALOUS, AT FIRST... THEN I HIT ON A SIDELINE THAT HAS MADE ME RICH! I OWN ONE OF THE BIGGEST RECORD AND JUKE BOX COMPANIES IN THE COUNTRY!



GLAD YOU DON'T BEAR ANY GRUDGE, GRINLING!

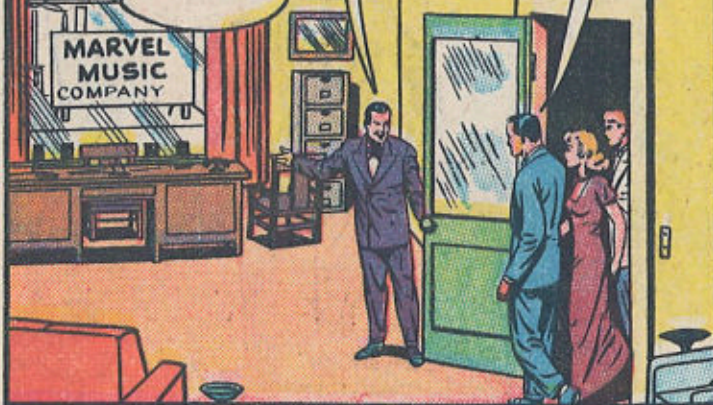
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TELL SISSON THAT WE'LL HAVE TO CLOSE THE CLUB UNTIL THIS MYSTERY IS SOLVED!



THESE GAS EXPLOSIONS ARE HURTING MY BUSINESS, TOO! JUST TO PROVE THERE ARE NO HARD FEELINGS, COME AND WORK FOR ME AS MY MUSICAL DIRECTOR... WE'LL MAP A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN!

And so, a little later...

MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME! I NEED YOUR HELP, SISSON! THIS MYSTERY IS RUINING THE COMPANY'S RECORD SALES!



THIS IS WHITE OF YOU, GRINLING!

NOW THAT YOU'RE MY MUSICAL DIRECTOR, SISSON, HOW ABOUT TAKING HOME THIS PILE OF OUR LATEST DISCS AND LISTENING TO THEM! THEN TELL ME WHICH ONES WILL BE POPULAR!



I CAN TELL YOU RIGHT NOW THIS ONE WILL BE A FLOP! IT'S THAT JINXED TUNE OF MINE... SMOKY HEAVEN!

SO WE'LL JUST TOSS IT IN THE WASTE BASKET RIGHT NOW...



HEY! NO! NO!

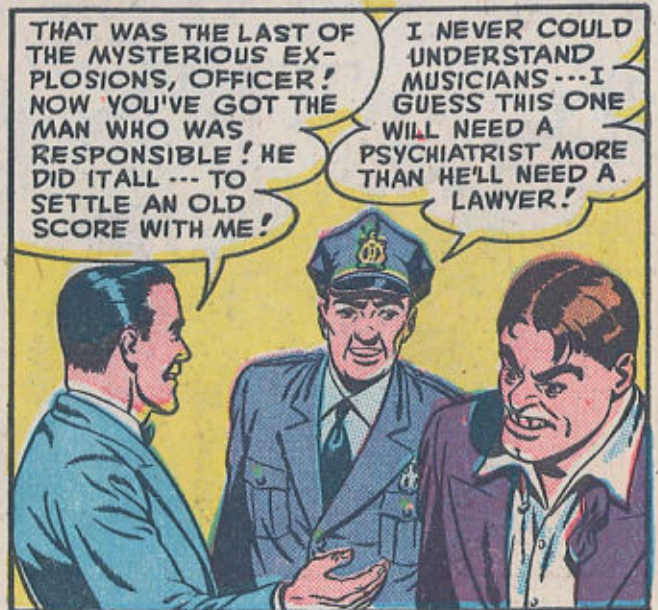
WHEW! JUST IN TIME! THAT IS... I... ER...



YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT RECORD, GRINLING!

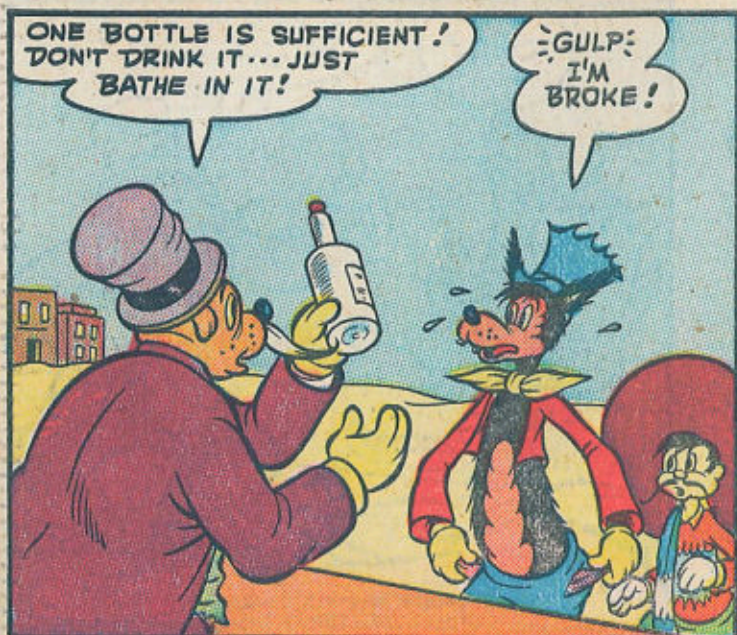


FEATURE COMICS



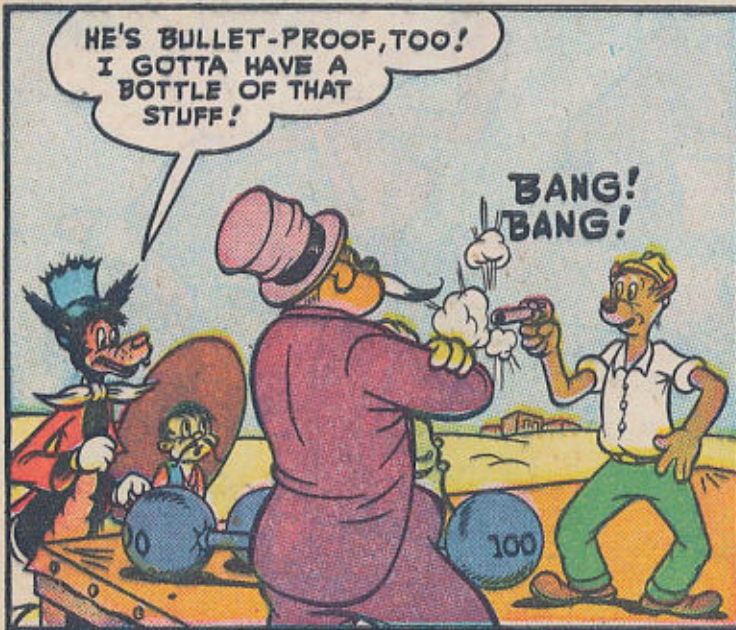
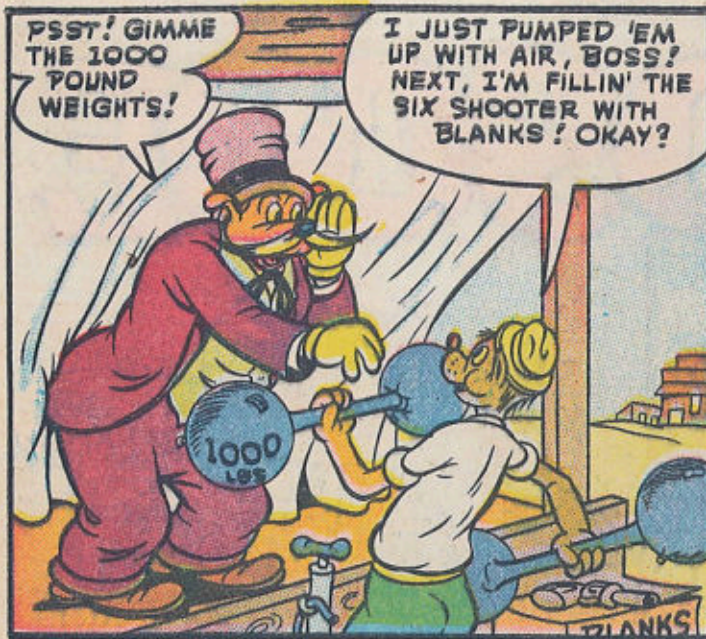


# ROSCOE



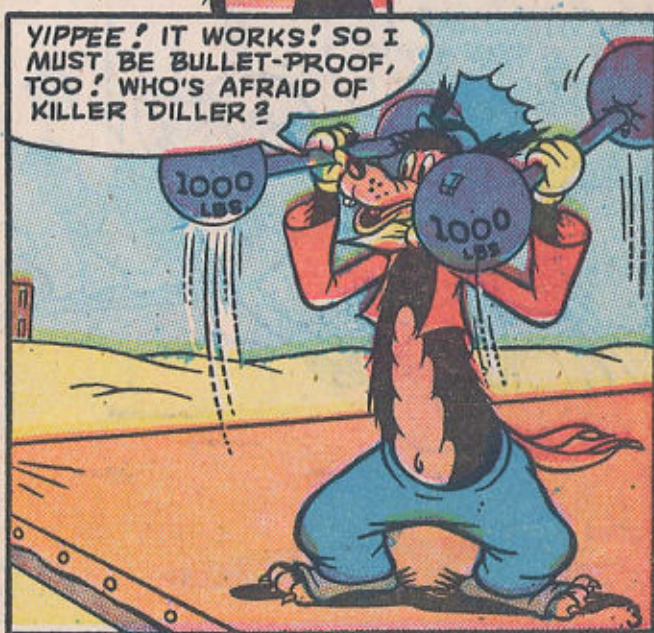
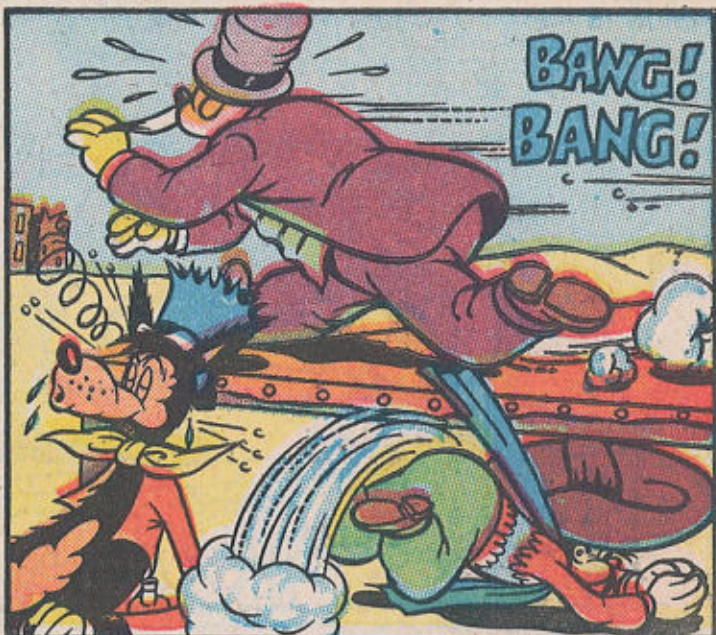


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



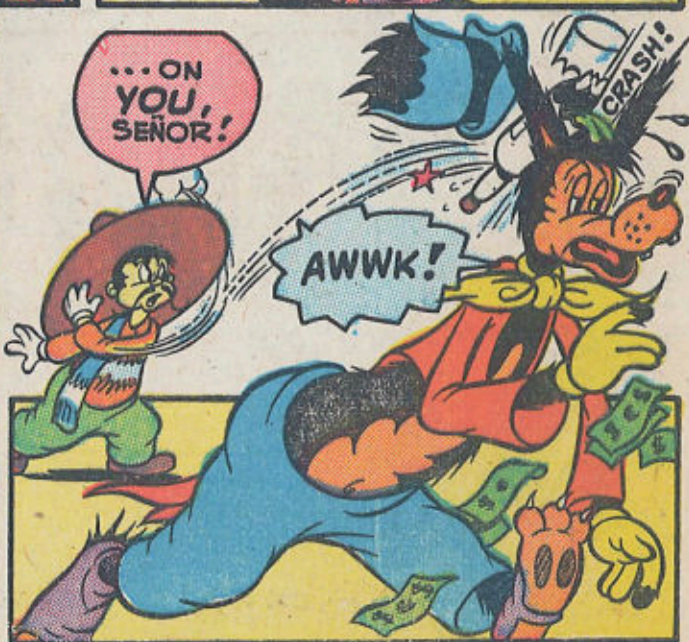
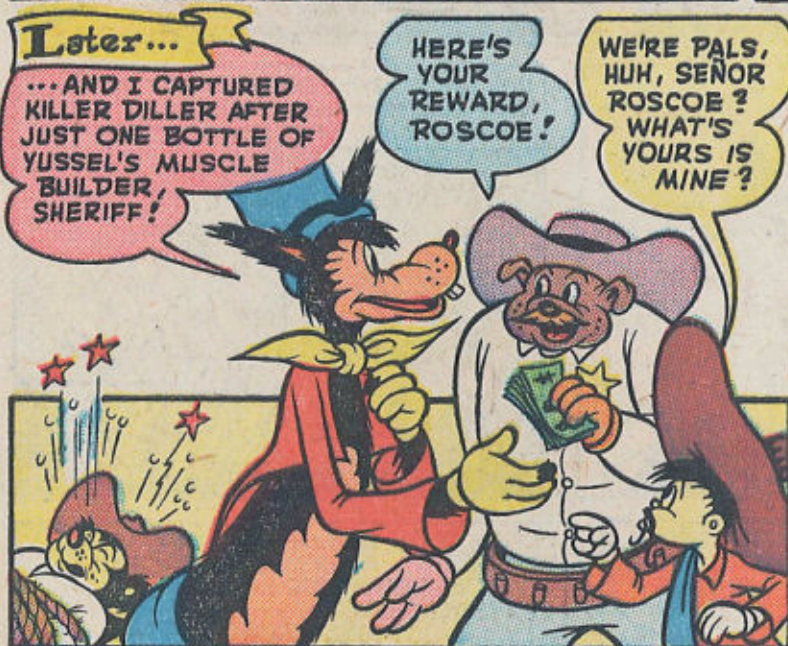


FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS





# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

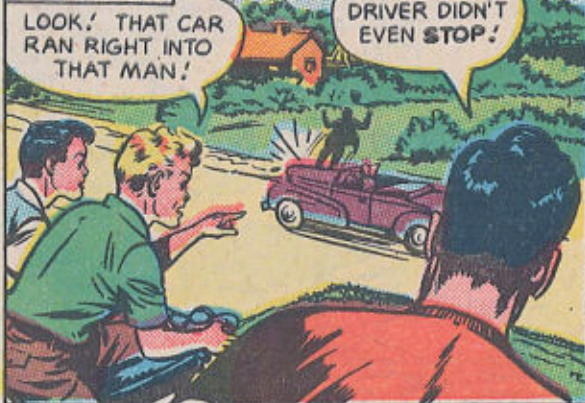
LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



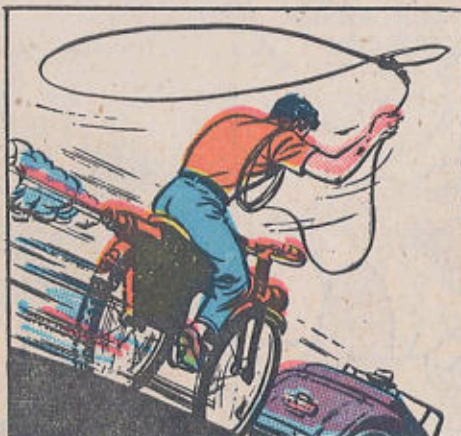
SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

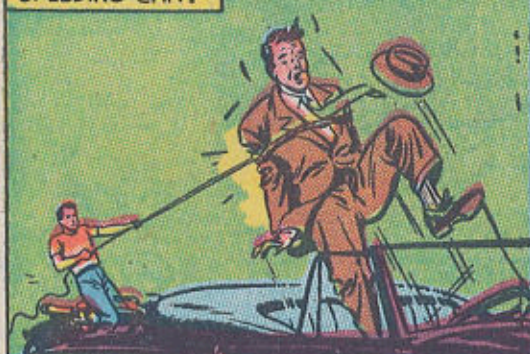
AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSOS THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN...JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH IT'S SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



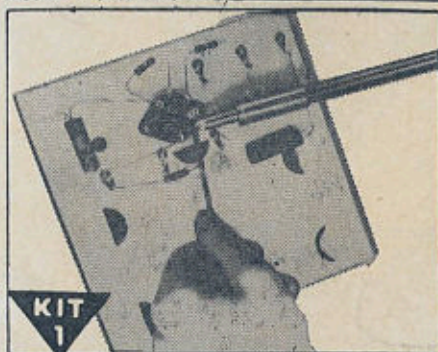
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science



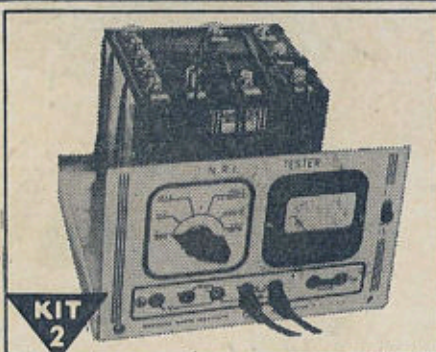


# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

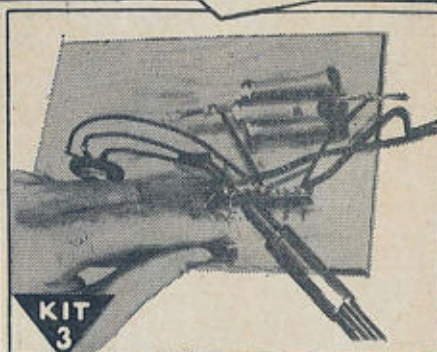
**I Send You  
Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



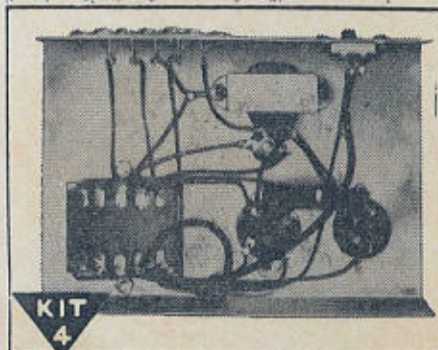
**KIT 1**  
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



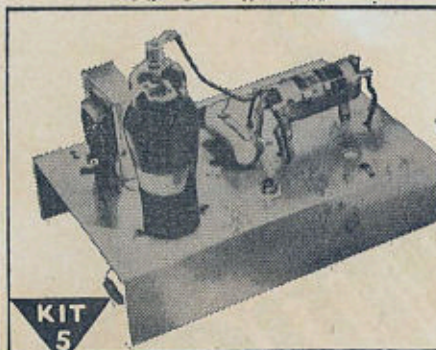
**KIT 2**  
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



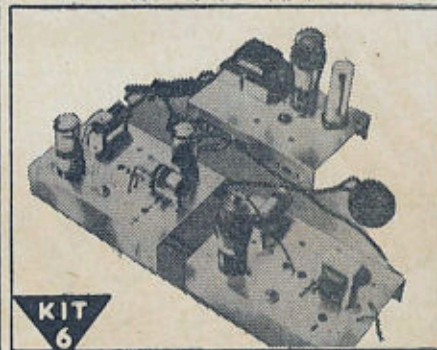
**KIT 3**  
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



**KIT 4**  
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT 5**  
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT 6**  
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

**Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as public demand for Television, FM, Electronic devices continues to grow. Send for FREE books now!

**Find Out What NRI Can Do For You**  
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8EA3,  
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home  
Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

**APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL**

**Good for Both—FREE**

**MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8EA3**  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....  
Address.....  
City.....Zone.....State.....



### VETERANS

You can get this training right in your own home under G. I. Bill.  
Mail coupon for full details.





**GOES WITH THE CROWD!**

**Butterfinger**  
CANDY...rich in dextrose

**For Fun  
and Food Energy!**

Wherever the crowd goes, whatever it does, delicious Butterfinger adds to the fun. Covered with rich chocolaty coating, honey-combed center of golden peanut butter and tasty caramel, Butterfinger—rich in dextrose—is marvelous any time.



Another **CURTISS** Candy  
Also Makers of **Baby Ruth** Candy Bars

**CURTISS**

Producers of Fine Foods